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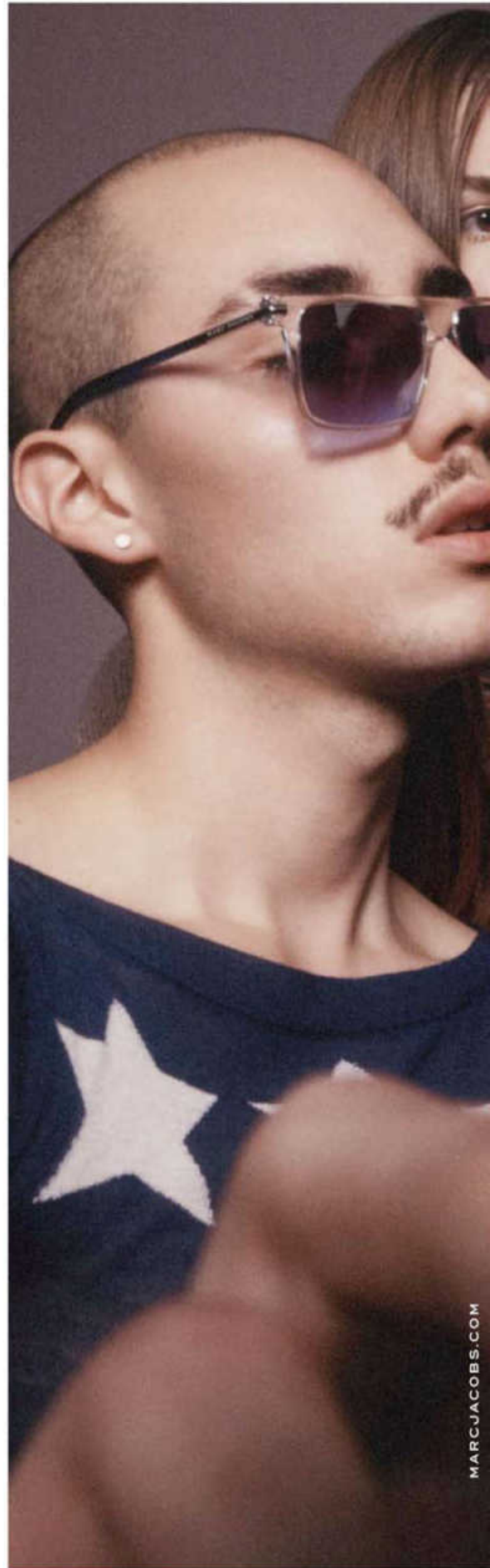
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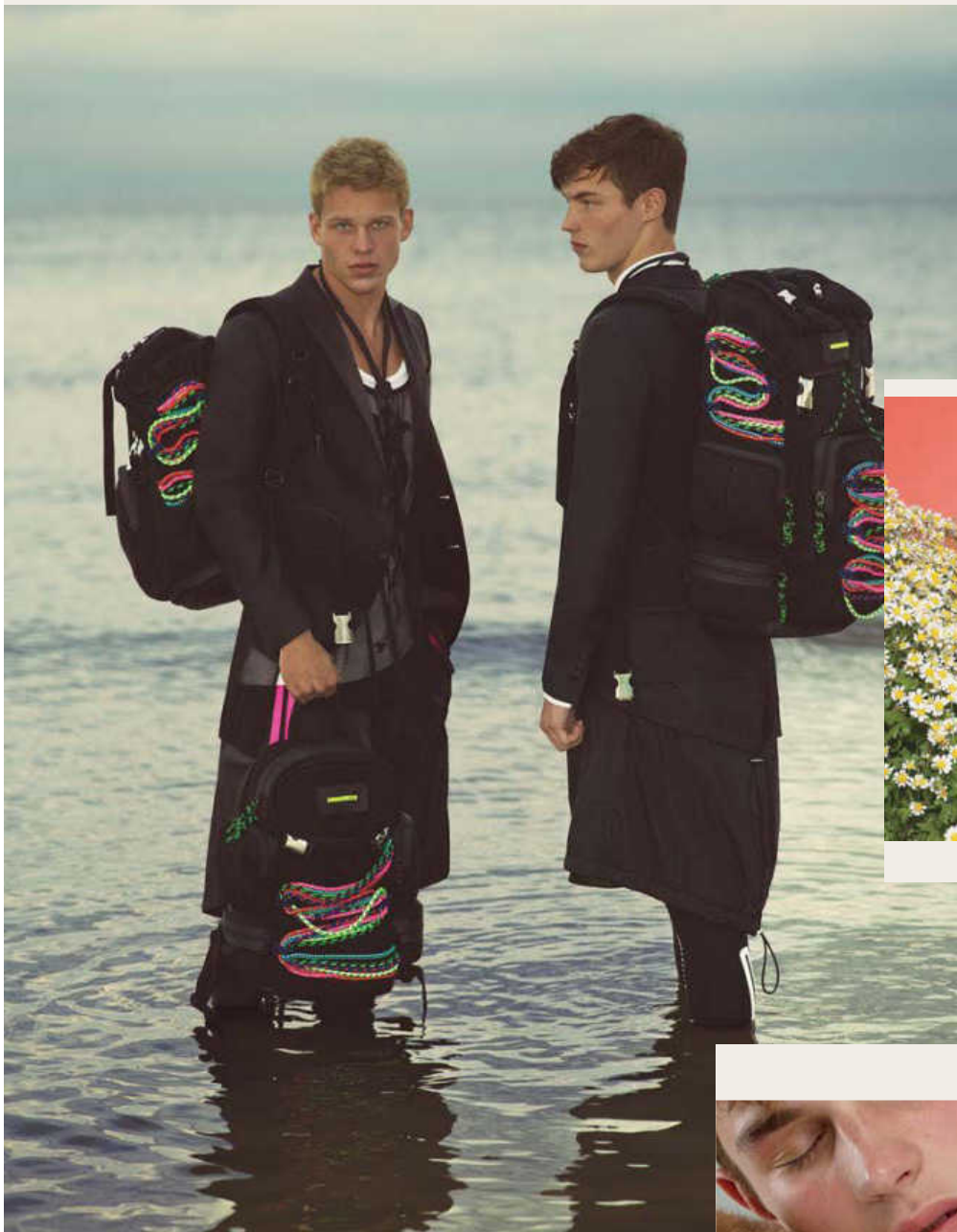
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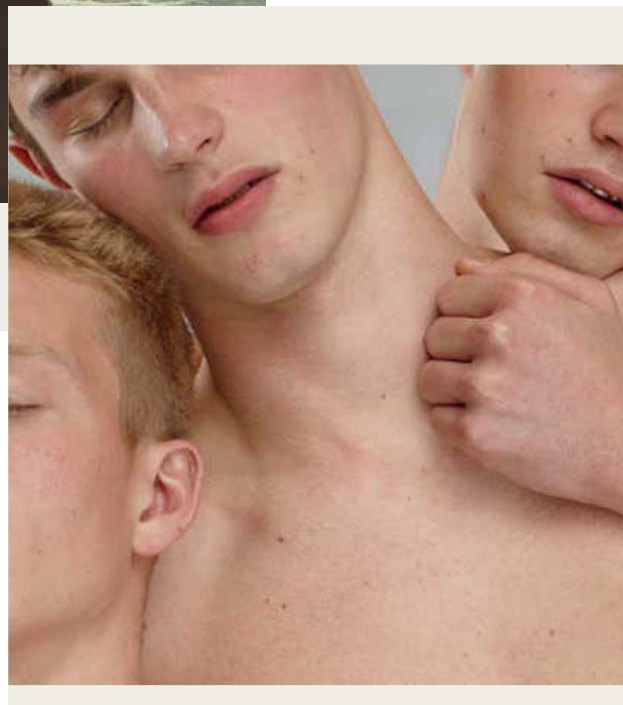
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DSQUARED2

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ATHLETE

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Stephen Curry swaggers toward stish.

On the cover: Hannah Davis wears a custom gold bikini, designed by Louis Heel for Christophe Sauvat. Photographed on location at the Preserve at Botany Bay on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.





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CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS

Ruben Afanador, Tim Barber, Jean-Philippe Delhomme, Chris Mottalini, Mark Platt, Albert Watson

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

John Alexander, Leslie Camhi, Nicola Kraus, Adam Linehan, Carlo McCormick, Ben McGrath, T. Cole Rachel, Lindsay Silberman, James Surowiecki

CONTRIBUTING DIGITAL EDITORS

Steve Huff, Adam K. Raymond, Mikelle Street

SPECIAL THANKS

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Ask



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Dictator of Decorum

Which currently popular fashion trend(s) would you most like to see disappear this year?

Actually, I have a high tolerance for trends because they silently reveal the flaws and weaknesses of the wearer. If it weren't for these over-subscribed styles, how would we know about the people who wear them? I have often read a man's mind while staring at his necktie. That said, there are certain trends that seem to have really run their course. The "man bun," for example, has had way too much publicity. Of course, it looks good on sumo wrestlers and those with the mojo and verve to pull it off. I would be happy to see fewer plaid shirts, but in fact I would prefer to see them worn traditionally. Hipsters should wear tartans that they have some familial or fraternal connection with, or at least a historical affinity. Overalls? Don't they have enough to do on the farm? Double monk straps? Isn't one strap enough to keep them on your feet? You almost have to be a trapeze act to pull these off. No socks with dress shoes and a suit? I wouldn't even wear short socks on a golf course, but in the marketing meeting? Please. What's that odor? Style is all about doing your own thing, not the thing that the masses huddle together to do while desperately seeking identity. We must always be one step ahead of fashionistas, or maybe even several behind.

Ripped jeans are so...yawn. Whaddya think about splotched jeans?

Distressed new clothing is corny—unless, of course, you distressed it yourself, say falling off a Triumph Bonneville at full throttle on the Isle of Man or defending a lady's honor in a knife fight in a seedy waterfront dive. Distressed clothing is a lie. The irony is that it's supposed to look original, but think about it: There are maybe 23,000 pairs of jeans ripped exactly the way yours are. If it's ripped, torn, or shredded, it must be unique and earned personally. Do you think Neil Young buys jeans with factory dirt, tears, abrasions, and patches? No way, José. If you must wear acid-washed jeans, at least wash them using real LSD-25. The questioner sent along a photo of Keith Haring in his studio wearing paint-splotched jeans. He looks cool because it's an honest art by-product. The only people entitled to wear paint-splotched jeans are painters. Same with paint-splattered shoes. In 1998, the very successful designer Helmut Lang sold paint-splashed jeans that might have passed for an old pair from Richard Prince or Brice Marden, except they lacked a certificate of authenticity. Soon Lang sold his company and moved to the country to become a fine artist. Haven't heard much from him lately. There's a lesson there somewhere.

I am a "bridesmaid" in a friend's wedding—the only guy on the lady's side. I'm wearing a suit, but we're debating whether I should try to match the groomsmen or do my own thing. What do you say?

I don't think groomsmen should be too matchy-matchy. If the wedding is on the formal side, like morning clothes or tuxes, that's different, and you should all conform properly to that code (it's a sin to disobey a bride), but if it's simply a dressy-suit-and-tie affair, you should do your own thing rather than look like a member of the squad. You might inquire as to whether the other team is wearing light or dark suits, but that's enough.

Do you have any tips for matching shirts with ties? Some people have a knack, but others find this quite difficult.

I don't believe in rules, but this also comes under the heading of good sense. It's as valid in painting as in getting dressed in the morning. Say you're wearing a shirt, tie, and suit. At least one of the elements should be plain. Generally, when there are two striped elements, they should differ significantly in amplitude. So with a plain suit, you can pull off a thin-striped shirt and a wider-striped tie. Also, the tie should never match the shirt unless you are one of the

more muscular members of Frank Sinatra's entourage. It's also difficult to pull off a light tie with a dark shirt—it has decades of Hollywood-heavy inference behind it. Only someone like Paul Simonon or Mick Jones can pull off stuff like that. Size is another issue. If you're wearing a skinny tie, you need a smaller shirt collar, and a larger collar with a widish tie. And as a general rule (with exceptions for the sartorial illuminati), the width of the tie should match the width of the largest part of the jacket lapel.

My girlfriend has very particular opinions about what I should wear, and she's very vocal about them. I love her and I appreciate her interest, but experience has shown that I'm usually right. How do I tell her to back off?

Have you tried giving her a dose of her own medicine? Tell her you like a black bra under a white shirt, or a twinset with pearls, or saddle shoes and a pleated skirt, whatever seems like the opposite of her own taste, and see how she likes it. What's the worst that could happen? I guess her taking your suggestions? I think taste is a completely valid excuse for giving it some time or taking a break, if not calling the whole thing off. I've been married three times, and I think that clashing tastes are far tougher to survive than infidelity. My second wife, on the verge of our parting, admitted that she deliberately dressed to alienate me. Once it was over, I was finally able to buy furniture for my house and didn't have clothes that looked like they came from Plymouth Rock.

I have an eccentric style (e.g., I'm considering wearing creepers), and I'm meeting my girlfriend's parents for the first time. Should I tone down my personal style to meet them?

It depends on several factors. Will you be seeing a lot of them? What kind of boyfriends have they met before? Do you make a good living? "He looks kind of weird!" "Yes, dear, but he's a vice president." If you live in New York and they live in Idaho, toning down might buy you a few years of adjustment. Money always makes one's children's significant others seem more attractive. If you sense that small adjustments (say a haircut and beard trim) would ease the situation, why not? But you've got to be who you are and tattoos don't wash off. In fact, if you sense a real clash of cultures coming, it might be better to get the shock over with in the beginning. From there, you can only improve in their eyes. "He's really not that bad. He's very polite. I just wish he'd get rid of the nose ring." Wear the creepers—they might take pity. "I think he's just sensitive about his height, dear."

Column by GLENN O'BRIEN Illustrations by JEAN-PHILIPPE DELHOMME

Send questions for Maximus to gobrien@maxim.com.
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*Fake it till you make it
doesn't work with denim.*



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FOR THE RIDE

CLOSET



*Jacket, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI.
Sunglasses, PLAYBOY.*



*Jacket, BERLUTI.
Sunglasses, PERSOL.*



*Jacket, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI.
Sunglasses, GIORGIO ARMANI.*



*Tuxedo jacket, TOM FORD.
Sunglasses, RAY-BAN.*



Shirts, TOM FORD.



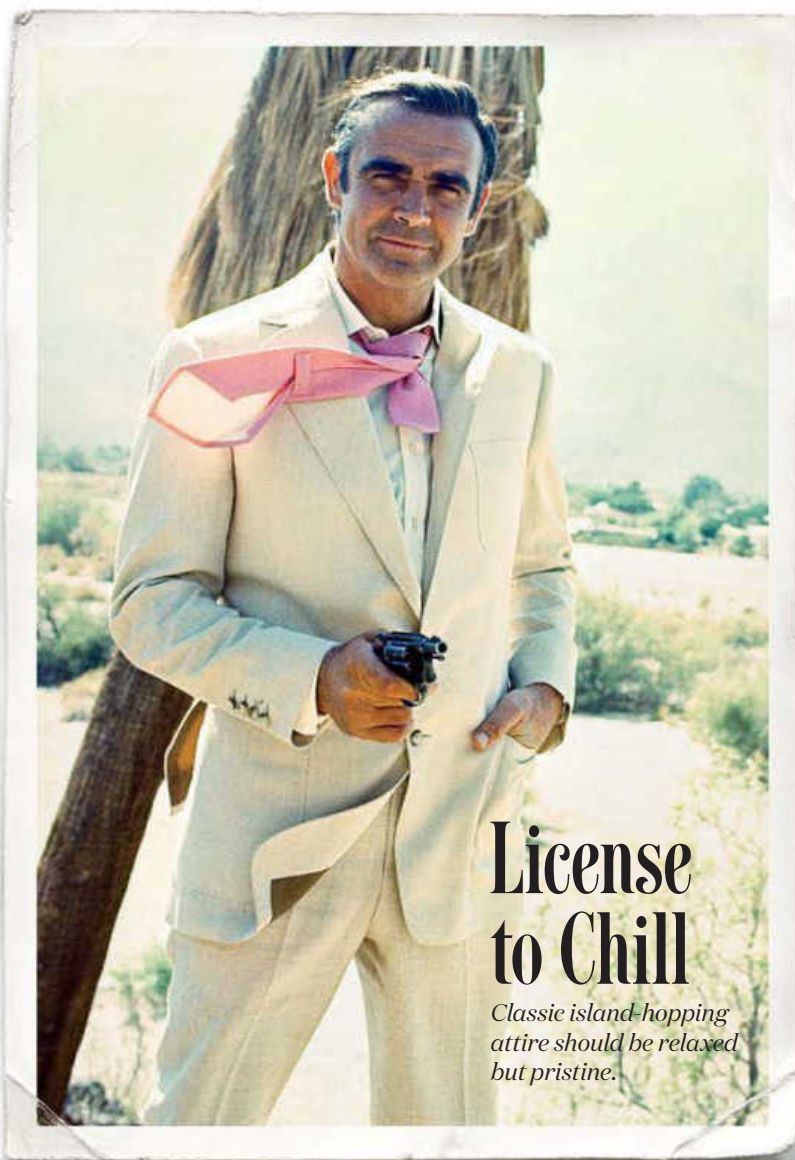
*Shirts (from left), LORO PIANA,
ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA.*



*Shoes (from left), J.M. WESTON,
SALVATORE FERRAGAMO,
ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA.*



Bag, GHURKA.



License to Chill

Classic island-hopping attire should be relaxed but pristine.



Pants, LORO PIANA.



Watches (clockwise from left), BALL, LOUIS VUITTON, BELL & ROSS.



Slip 'n Slide

*A life without laces is
the only one worth living.*

OPPOSITE PAGE, INSET:
© EVERETT COLLECTION

*Shoes (clockwise from top left), CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN, BURBERRY,
SALVATORE FERRAGAMO, RALPH LAUREN, BERLUTI, J.M. WESTON,
GUCCI, BERLUTI, RALPH LAUREN, STUBBS & WOOTTON, TOM FORD.*

CLOSET

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Watches (clockwise from left), BLANCPAIN, CORUM, MAURICE LACROIX, CARTIER, TAG HEUER, IWC, BREGUET, MAURICE LACROIX, HUBLOT.



*Hat, WORTH & WORTH.
Jacket, TOMMY HILFGER.*

*Hat, WORTH & WORTH.
Jacket, CARUSO.*

*Hat, NICK FOUQUET.
Jacket, PAUL SMITH.*

*Hat, MONTECRISTI.
Jacket, DSQUARED2.*



HUBLOT



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RAY-BAN



PERSOL



TURNBULL & ASSER



VERSACE



SELIMA OPTIQUE



SELIMA OPTIQUE



TURNBULL & ASSER



TOM FORD

CLOSET



This page, clockwise from top left: *Sweater* 1. BRUNELLO CUCINELLI. *Jacket* 2. HERNO. *Shirt* 3. DSQUARED2. *Headphones* 4. BOWERS & WILKINS. *Speaker* 5. B&O PLAY by BANG & OLUFSEN. *Swim trunks* 6. ORLEBAR BROWN. *Shorts* 7. LOUIS VUITTON and 8. TOMMY HILFINGER. *Socks* 9. FALKE. *Pants* 10. ALEX MILL. *Shorts* 11. MICHAEL BASTIAN. *Watch* 12. SHINOLA. *Trunk* 13. GHURKA.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK PLATT. OPPOSITE PAGE, INSET: ©EVERETT COLLECTION



BRUNELLO CUCINELLI



BRUNELLO CUCINELLI



BONOBOS



Pants, LORO PIANA.



Shoes (from left), SALVATORE FERRAGAMO, HARRYS OF LONDON, ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA.



RALPH LAUREN



LACOSTE



TOMMY BAHAMA



BRUNELLO CUCINELLI



NICK FOUQUET



Belts (from left), PAUL SMITH, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI

CLOSET



TOMMY BAHAMA



LORO PIANA



BONOBOS



HARDY AMIES



LORO PIANA



BELL & ROSS



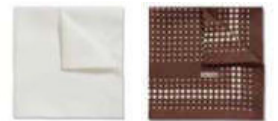
Shirts (from left), BERLUTI, THOM BROWNE.



Shoes (from left), ALDEN X J.CREW, TOM FORD, CAR SHOE.



BROOKS BROTHERS



Pocket squares, both TOM FORD.



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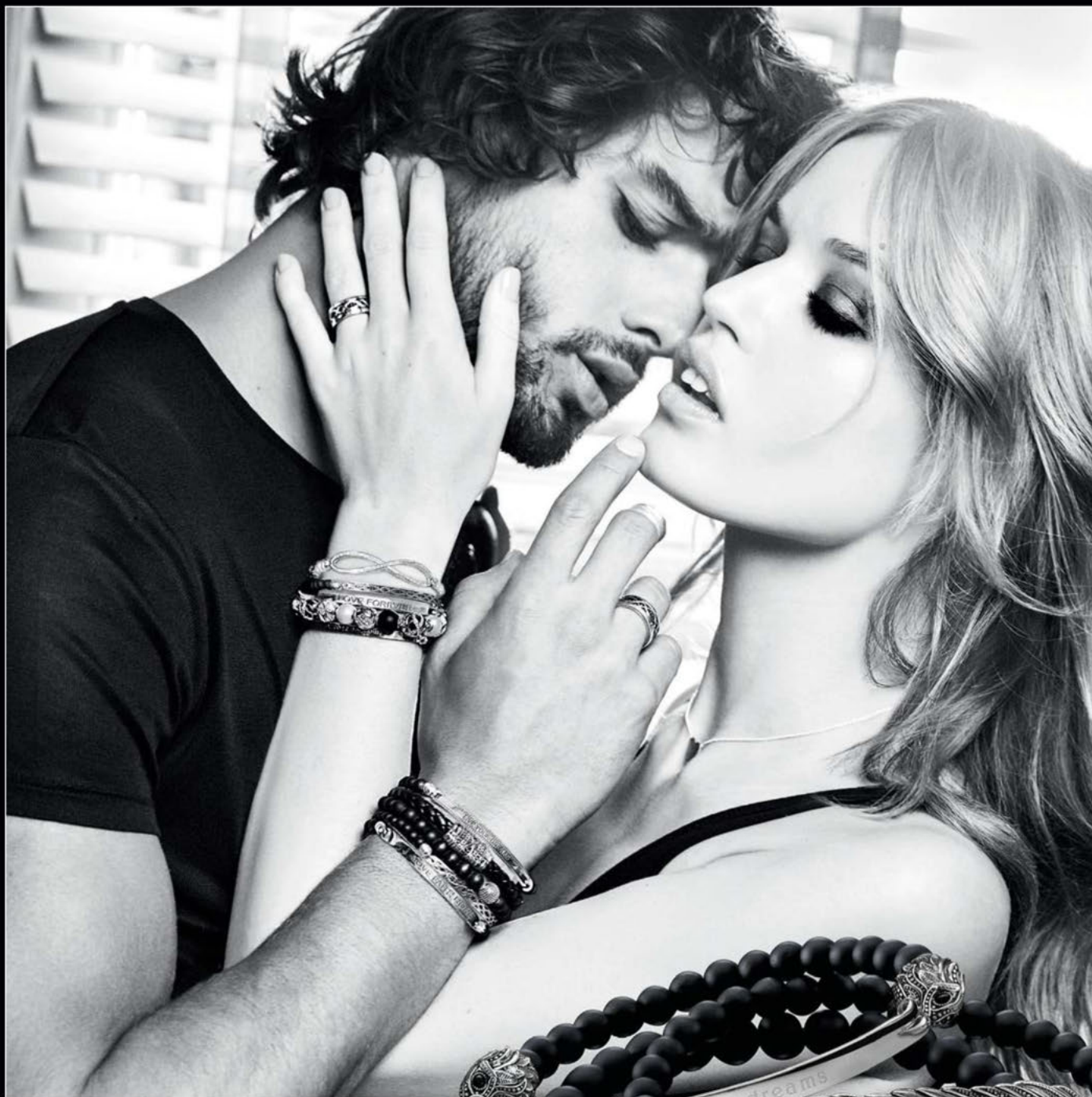


HARDY AMIES



TOMMY BAHAMA

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Clockwise from top left: Hat 14. WORTH & WORTH. Tie 15. ISAIA. Shirt 16. MICHAEL BASTIAN. Jacket and pocket square 17. ISAIA. Watch 18. TUDOR. Shirts 19. CANALI and 20. BRUNELLO CUCINELLI. Sweater 21. TOMMY HILFGER. Bracelets 22. WILLIAM HENRY. Wallet 23. TOD'S. Sunglasses 24. GIORGIO ARMANI. • Towel 25. SUPREME. Camera 26. LEICA. Spear gun 27. RIFFE. Sandals 28. BOTTEGA VENETA. Folding sunglasses 29. RAY-BAN. Watch 30. OMEGA. Mask 31. AQUA LUNG. Snorkel 32. AQUA LUNG. • Shoes 33. SCARPE DI BIANCO. Belt 34. BRUNELLO CUCINELLI. Blazer 35. CANALI. Shirt 36. CARUSO. Sunglasses 37. BOTTEGA VENETA. Scarf 38. BOTTEGA VENETA. Hat 39. WORTH & WORTH. • Shirt 40. LOUIS VUITTON. Sandals 41. BOTTEGA VENETA. Watch 42. OMEGA. Swim trunks 43. ORLEBAR BROWN. Sunglasses 44. PERSOL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK PLATT

LIFE
HAPPENS
IN



GOD'S SPEED

How Harley-Davidson heir Willie G. revived the iconic brand.

Text by DAN CARNEY



i Rough Crafts' Winston Yeh

➤ Like Willie G. Davidson, Taiwanese custom bike designer and Rough Crafts founder Winston Yeh considers himself an artist foremost, with motorcycles as one of his media. Yeh works in graffiti and T-shirt design in addition to steel and rubber.

➤ A graduate of Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, Yeh did a stint at custom bike titan Roland Sands Design before striking out on his own and opening Rough Crafts in 2009.

➤ Harmony of design is Yeh's overriding priority: making every piece of a custom design work with the others, with no standout hero parts. "I don't want any one aspect to overpower the others, and I don't want anything to stick out too much."



Rough Crafts' Shadow Rocket is built from a 2002 Harley-Davidson Softail Fat Boy, using the stock Twin Cam 88 engine. The shop shortened the frame and fork slightly and dressed the bike up with Roland Sands Design wheels and a timing cover.



The Graphite Speedster uses the shop's own frame with a modified 1584cc Harley engine, Rough Crafts' own swingarm and fork, and Roland Sands Design Diesel wheels.



Rough Crafts' Crowned Stallion started life as a 2013 Harley-Davidson Softail Slim and uses the stock Twin Cam 103 engine. The frame and forks are shortened and the bike has the shop's own gas tank and fenders mounted, with Exile Cycles wheels.



The Zero Crafter is built using a Zero Engineering frame, an S&S Cycle Super E engine, and a Baker transmission. Rough Crafts dressed it up with its own gas tank, fenders, and side panels, a Zero Engineering oil tank, and Harley-Davidson wheels.

Harley-Davidson's chief styling officer emeritus looks more than a bit like Willie Nelson. Fittingly, the name of the grandson of company cofounder William A. Davidson is Willie Davidson.

Willie G. Davidson, actually, though it seems most people call him Willie G. The 82-year-old not only guided design at the motorcycling icon for nearly half a century, but also helped bail the company out when it nearly closed, ultimately becoming its best-known and best-loved face. His additional title reads "brand ambassador."

It's critical that a company like Harley have a stable hand on the wheel to guide its styling, because though the company trades on its heritage, it needs to avoid becoming captive to it.

The Harley-Davidson Motor Co. was founded in 1903, and for decades built motorcycles that evolved with their times. Mechanical and styling changes kept pace with advancing technology and fashion.

But after World War II, Harley's riders took control, modifying their machines to suit their own tastes. They built bobbers, by removing the rear fenders and seats, and then moved on to choppers, whose extended forks and fat rear tires were spurred by the rise of drag racing.

By the time Davidson joined the company in the 1960s, Harley needed someone who was in touch with these customer-driven styles and could put the bike maker back in control of its own designs.

Davidson's first effort was the landmark FX 1200 Super Glide of 1971, which brought customized style in-house for the first time. "Up until that point we weren't in the custom business," Davidson recalls. "I felt there was an opening for our company to play in that game, and the '71 boat-tail Super Glide started it all."

Over the years, Davidson continually sought to mine new veins for styling gold. He points to the XLCR Café Racer of 1977 as one of his favorites, though Harley's traditionalist customers weren't crazy about Davidson's effort to infuse cool Britannia fashion into the American institution. Davidson says he feels vindicated, though, by the prices the bikes now bring. "It is a beautiful bike that is highly collectible," he says. "I see them in *Hemmings Motor News* all the time."

During the 1970s, despite Davidson's exertions on behalf of the company, Harley's finances deteriorated, as it was just a cog in the AMF conglomerate best known for its bowling equipment. In 1981, Davidson joined a dozen other Harley executives to buy the motorcycle maker out from under its indifferent parent, putting enthusiasts in charge of the Motor Company.

Reinvigorated, Davidson produced the Heritage Softail Classic, a motorcycle built to look like old-style "hardtail" bikes with no rear suspension. Single rear shock absorber designs arose to give motocross bikes more suspension travel, but Davidson came up with the idea to repurpose



As Apple cofounder Steve Jobs did later in his career, Willie G. Davidson has adhered to a familiar black uniform.



"I'M AN ARTIST,"
HE SAYS.
"I PAINT EVERY
DAY."

Davidson enjoys creating motorcycles in watercolors as much as he does in steel.

the layout in a way that would eliminate the shocks and springs hanging from the backs of other motorcycles at the time.

His list of design hits also includes the Low Rider, the Fat Boy, the Street Glide, and finally, the V-Rod. The last one is a controversial model because of Harley's effort to move forward with more modern, powerful liquid-cooled engine technology. This was Davidson's challenge: to incorporate industrial-looking liquid-cooling hardware in a way that makes it stylish.

Ralph Gilles, head of design for Jeep's parent company, Fiat Chrysler Automobiles, is familiar with this challenge. "We have that with Jeep," he says. "You have to anchor your design in that heritage."

The challenge is not to be too constrained by that anchor. "It can paralyze you, but it gives you room to experiment," says Gilles. The V-Rod was Davidson's biggest experiment since the Café Racer, and unlike that bike, Harley will not give up on it in the face of tepid sales. "I'm a big fan of the V-Rod," Gilles says, complaining that his wife's objections are the only thing standing between him and owning one.

The key to successfully translating traditional style into new trends is to preserve the graceful proportions riders demand, according to Davidson. "I keep coming back to the basic word that is so important to me: *proportion*," he says. "It's the wheel size to the bike's mass, how the engine fits in the frame, the air space between the cylinders and the oil tank." It's easy to spot bad proportions, he adds. "You see vehicles that look strange because of the way their parts are arranged. We try not to do that."

Now Davidson barnstorms around the country, promoting the company to customers. When he's home, Willie G. still goes to work in his office every day. "I think I would cry if they didn't let me in," he jokes. He spends his days turning out watercolor paintings depicting Harley-Davidson motorcycles and the brand's imagery. Some of the work was displayed last year at the Harley-Davidson Museum's exhibit "Willie G. Davidson: Artist, Designer, Leader, Legend."

"I'm an artist," he says. "I paint every day."

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Text by CHRIS WILSON



When it comes to luxury sipping libations, most of us tend to reach for top-shelf scotch, bourbon, or cognac. Rum isn't even in the conversation. But while the "kill-devil" is best known for its role in easy-drinking party cocktails like the Dark 'n Stormy, the daiquiri, and the mojito, the islands' favorite elixir offers far more sophisticated strains that can go toe-to-toe with the finest and most rarefied single malts.

One glorious example is the \$1,500 Papá Andrés 2015 Alegria Edition from Brugal, a 126-year-old label based in the Dominican Republic. A mere 97 bottles ever made it into the U.S., so aside from being wildly expensive, Papá Andrés

is also incredibly hard to find. But the pleasures inherent in this exquisite Caribbean unicorn are very real indeed. Redolent of coffee, sweet vanilla, and coconut, Papá Andrés drops a depth charge of flavor, including oak, dark cherry, and caramel, on whomever is lucky enough to taste it. Savor it neat and try to remember that feeling, because you're unlikely to encounter rum of this stature again.

The lavishly priced Papá Andrés isn't your everyday sipping rum, but the tropics offer plenty of worthy alternatives. Below, rum guru Mikael Mossberg, cofounder of the liquor-curating app Distiller, talks up four more of his favorites.



Plantation XO 20th Anniversary
Barbados, \$55

Aged up to 20 years in bourbon casks and finished in small French oak casks in Bonbonnet, France, the Extra Old packs plenty of vanilla, cocoa, candied orange, coconut, and oak.



Rhum Clément X.O.
Martinique, \$150

If you see a bottle of Rhum Clément X.O., buy it without hesitation. This gem is no longer being produced and is a beautiful example of the French style of rum, with notes of leather, licorice, and toffee.



Angostura Cask Collection No. 1
Trinidad, \$50

This limited edition is a blend of 8 and 10-year-old rums that spends 12 months in first-fill bourbon casks. Expect tart mango, apple, and a brown-sugar finish.



Appleton Estate 21 Year
Jamaica, \$120

A favorite of many rum connoisseurs, the 21-year-old represents a rare success of extended tropical aging—a rum that is at once woody and refined, fruity and moderately sweet, with a signature note of flamed orange.

SKIP THE PIÑA COLADA AND TRY THIS REINVENTED RUM MANHATTAN

(Courtesy of drinks maestro John McCarthy, bar director at New York's Masa y Agave)

The Smooth Operator

2 oz. Brugal 1888 rum
½ oz. Carpano Antica Formula sweet vermouth
½ oz. Amaro Montenegro
1 dash Angostura bitters

Combine all ingredients in a mixing glass with ice and stir until chilled. Pour over fresh ice in a rocks glass. Garnish with an expressed lemon peel.



Nuts.



49 PISTACHIOS
160 calories

Twisted.



26 PRETZELS
160 calories



Wrap your mind around this: a bowl of sodium-packed pretzels has about the same calories as a healthy-sized portion of Wonderful Pistachios. A good source of protein and fiber, pistachios are always heart healthy, always natural and always delicious. Wonderful Pistachios, the snack that won't throw you for a curve. **Get Crackin'**

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CAFÉ SOCIETY

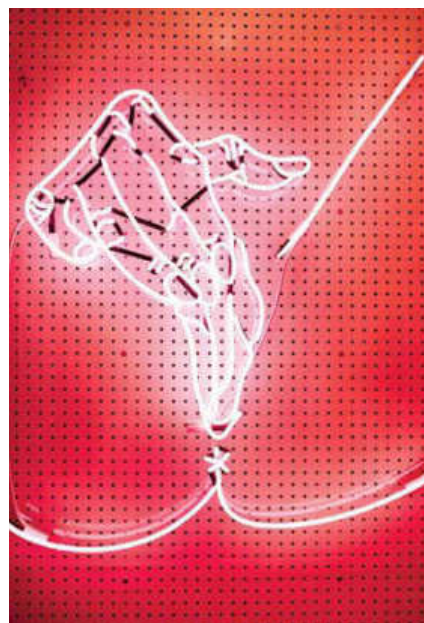
At André Saraiva's Café Henrie, coffee is served with a side of art.

Photographed by CHRIS MOTTALINI

Bright colors, particularly the glow of pink neon, characterize Café Henrie, the creation of André Saraiva, the graffiti artist and nightlife impresario who owns the Le Baron clubs in Paris and Shanghai. This New York City café is as much a meeting spot for stylish cultural types as it is a place to indulge in brunch food all day long. Occasional readings and art performances turn the space into something of a salon.

Outfitted with Jean Prouvé furniture, a bench designed by artist Tom Sachs, and pastel ceramics by Peter Shire, an original member of the Memphis Group—the design collective founded by Ettore Sottsass—the café is equal parts art installation and coffee shop. Pegboard walls and a retro pale-pink lunch counter with mint-green stools finish out the deliberately administrative aesthetic.

Marquis Hayes, the self-taught chef who feeds the café's easy-on-the-eyes crowd, reinterprets classic diner food, making it look as good as it tastes. "Everything has to look sexy here," he says. His answer to the avocado toast popular in the past few years: a potato hash waffle topped with avocado and a poached egg. His signature smoothie blends al dente brown rice with dates, chia pudding, and almond milk, while a Moroccan-spiced chicken dish sits on a falafel waffle with a roasted tahini drizzle. For dessert, his take on the doughnut comes as a puff of fried dough soaked in brown-butter bourbon and sprinkled with black Hawaiian sea salt. The café makes its own cold-pressed juices as well, and sells them in packaging designed, of course, in-house.



Neon sign by artist Petra Collins.

*Dinner and extended hours are on the horizon.
110 Forsyth Street, NYC*



Marquis Hayes, Café Henrie's chef.



MARK NASON.
LOS ANGELES

WILD IN THE STREETS

Mark Gonzales learns how to play.

One of the most compelling characters to emerge out of skate culture, Mark Gonzales has earned fans across the globe for a singular kind of happenstance: creative ingenuity. He can be as unorthodox a person as he is a skater, and if a radical unpredictability is part of his charm, it's also the hazard an encounter with him holds. Never quite sure what to expect, we were all the more flummoxed when we hooked up with him at a fancy downtown New York skyscraper and he asked, "Do you play piano?" Turns out the Gonz, as he is called by acolytes with a quasi religious reverence, is learning to play.

For his many admirers, we should tell you from the start that there is nothing about Mark Gonzales' piano playing that suggests he should quit his day job for it. Especially considering that as insanely hard and constantly as he works, he'd be the first to admit how much he likes doing exactly what he does now. Watching him struggle at the keyboard, however, is itself a lesson in the art and heart of the man. "It's really hard to get the melody right," he tells us. "Not so much the notes, but the feeling." Most beginners would be concerned with just hitting the right notes rather

than finding the proper emotive tone, but this desire is fundamental to the type of figure he is in the world of skateboarding and the broader universe of youth culture today. "People can do the most difficult trick, but many won't appreciate it," he explains. "It's all about the feeling."

Perhaps it's because his skating career has extended far beyond the normal retirement age, or that being a dad has granted him enough focus to avoid the pitfalls of the lifestyle, or maybe it's that his long tenure in creative fields has brought him to a place with a better view and a more profound vision—regardless, it's a mistake to think of him merely as a skater; he's a warrior. "When I was 13 years old at the ramps, trying to keep up with good skaters," he admits, "my nickname was Slam-Man. I was eating shit all the time. People would tell me, 'That's enough now—you need to take a break,' but you cannot give a fuck. There is nothing wrong in skateboarding. There are no rules; you can be as bad as you want on a skateboard." For all those who bemoan the dangers of skateboarding or its negative effects on youth, Gonzales can tell you it saved his life. "I used to get into a lot of fights,

I wanted to be Clint Eastwood, but I was doing something wrong being a chickenshit asshole who beats people up. I would win fights, and I'd be crying. It didn't make me happy," he says. "Skateboarding was a better way for me to let out my aggression. I had a lot of negative energy, and it beat it out of me."

There's not much sign of that negative energy these days, but the aggression and the hard knocks are still there. Mark recently broke a rib skating for Adidas, and he encourages members of the skate team he sponsors through his own company, Krooked, to go for the hardest tricks and enter competitions that a more soulful skater like Gonzales himself would eschew. As for finding one's own personal style, well, that's the hard part that requires discovering who you actually are. As we leave one of the greatest skaters of his generation, the Gonz is still working on it, pecking away at the piano, hitting his notes with vigor but searching for that "soft touch" that is quintessentially his.

Text by CARLO MCCORMICK

Photographed by TIM BARBER



Gonzales catching air in Chinatown.



The Gonz grins.



Styling, Alpha Vomero

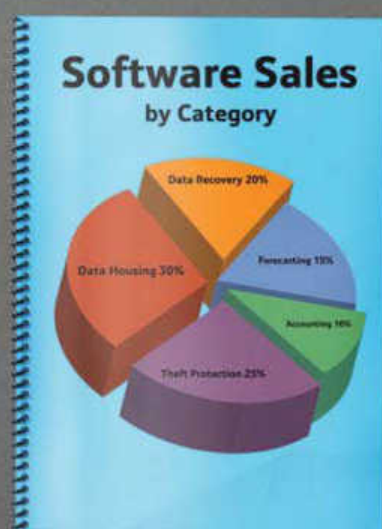
Worn throughout:
Overcoat, TOPMAN. Suit, J.CREW. Shirt,
COS. Shoes, ADIDAS. Hat, MARK'S OWN.

For more information, see page 96.



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BODY LANGUAGE

Dating coach and author John Alexander has spent over a decade helping men go alpha.

NO 1

Keep your body and face open and relaxed. Avoid anything that conveys discomfort (such as looking down, making nervous movements, or crossing your arms) or neediness/desperation (wrinkling your forehead, touching your face when you talk, and smiling excessively). Try this: Stand up, close your eyes, and relax. With your shoulders back and loose, let your arms fall to your sides, and then relax your hands. Shake your arms, then let them relax again. Now open your eyes and notice how your arms, hands, and shoulders are resting. This is alpha posture.

NO 2

Fix the fidget. Unsteady, fidgeting fingers are a common mistake men make. The remedy is simple: Press the tips of your fingers and thumb together as tightly as you can, hold for three seconds, and release. Your fingers and thumb will relax, and you'll instantly become more alpha.

NO 3

Leave the smartphone alone. Phones almost force a man to convey low-status body language as he slumps over, twitching his fingers to check some useless app, and remove him from the present moment. Turn off all Pavlovian distractions, like notifications, and delete any app that wastes your time. Your goal is to get laid, not get likes.

NO 4

Use your eyes to step up your nonverbal game. Women are tuned in to a man's eyes, and if they see yours wide open and fluttering around, it communicates to them that you're nervous. To avoid this, think of how your eyes are when you're at home, where you feel comfortable: Your eyelids are relaxed, maybe even ever-so-slightly droopy; you don't blink rapidly, and you don't close your eyes as a self-soothing mechanism.

NO 5

Stop snapping to attention when someone calls your name. When you turn your head quickly to look, you convey that you're a beta seeking approval, so take your time instead. Try to slow down all your movements—you want to appear relaxed and in control. When you're moving, visualize yourself walking underwater (as in a swimming pool); you'll slow down and your muscles will loosen up. And most important, your mental state will be more at ease when you slow yourself down.



DAVID ROEMER/TRUNK ARCHIVE



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Places

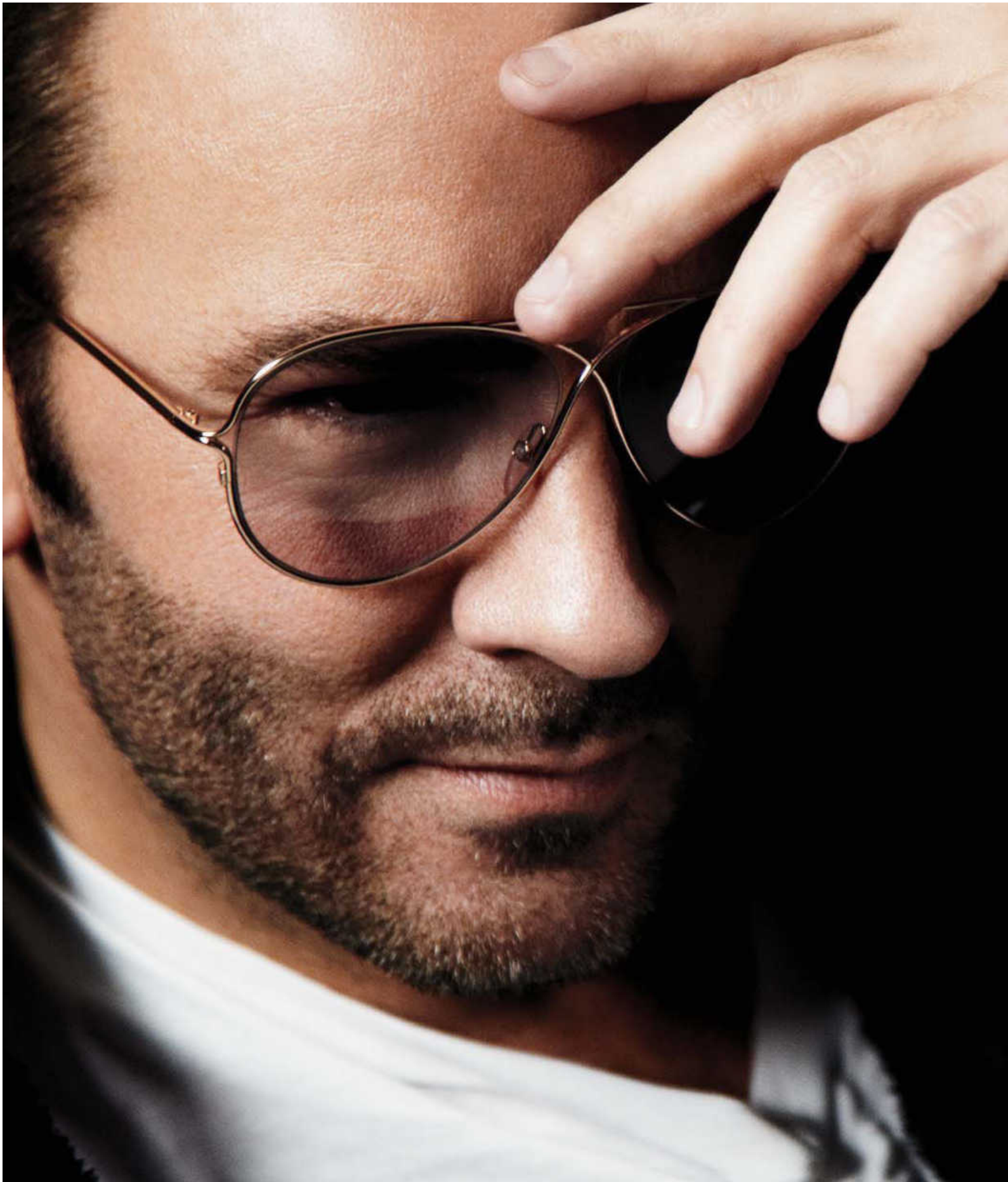
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THE ALL-NEW
TACOMA





THE FANTASTIC MR. FORD

A history of the designer who does it all.

Text by LESLIE CAMHI *Photographed by* SIMON PERRY

Tom Ford—fashion designer and film director, sex symbol and family man—has made a career of upending expectations. Take his revival of Gucci, one of the great fashion success stories of our era. The Florentine leather goods company, which was founded in 1921 and later expanded into accessories and clothing, had been a favorite of the jet set and Hollywood elite from the 1950s through the 1970s. But the brand was close to insolvency when the Texas-born Ford took over as creative director in 1994.

Coming off the early '90s recession and the AIDS crisis, anti-fashion was all the rage: Remember the waif, the grunge look, deconstruction, and heroin chic? Ford, then 33, rifled through the company's archives ("a single cardboard box," as he later recalled) and through his own memories, conjuring images of sexed-up glamour from a few misbegotten years he spent running around in New York: Warhol and the Factory, Halston and his girls ("the Halstonettes"), living it up in the late '70s at Studio 54.

At the 1995 MTV Awards, somebody asked Madonna—clad in a shiny teal blouse, unbuttoned to below her bra, and sleek satin hip-huggers—what she was wearing. "Gucci, Gucci, Gucci," she replied, and a star was born. Soon Ford's beautifully cut velvet suits with wide lapels, narrow waists, and flared trousers, and his sparkling, barely there column dresses, began showing up on the likes of Jennifer Lopez, Nicole Kidman, and Gwyneth Paltrow. By 1999, the company was worth \$4.3 billion, making it among the most profitable luxury brands in the world.

Or consider *A Single Man* (2009), Ford's first foray as a film director, after some 15 years spent dressing worldwide lovers of luxury and stars on the red carpet through his work at Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. (Ford and his champion and business partner, Domenico De Sole, then

head of the Gucci Group, added the storied Parisian fashion house to the Group's portfolio in 2000.) Based on the eponymous novel by Christopher Isherwood, the film follows a day in the life of a British professor at a Southern California college, a classic outsider who has recently lost his longtime romantic partner in a tragic accident. Heady material, some thought, for a fashion designer to tackle; Hollywood insiders may have rolled their eyes at what appeared to be a vanity project. But Ford made a widely acclaimed film about grief and love, eliciting stunning performances from both his friend and muse, Julianne Moore, and the film's star, Colin Firth, earning the latter an Oscar nomination.

Through his own label, Tom Ford (cofounded with De Sole in 2005, after both men left the Gucci Group in a dispute over creative control), Ford has clothed everyone from First Lady Michelle Obama (on a visit to Buckingham Palace) to Victoria's Secret model Candice Swanepoel. The celebrities crowding the front row of his Autumn/Winter 2015 show—held, unconventionally, in Los Angeles just days before the Oscars—included Scarlett Johansson, Amy Adams, Beyoncé, and Jay Z, whose hit single, named after the designer, celebrates the "high" obtained via Ford's impeccable menswear. Its refrain: "I don't pop Molly/I rock Tom Ford."

Even that paragon of urbane masculinity, James Bond, as played by Daniel Craig in his last three films, wears Ford's sharp-shouldered, nipped-in suits—a black herringbone three-piece when he's posing as an Italian gangster at a funeral, and a blue Prince of Wales check for leaping across Mexico City rooftops. (Versions of both suits are available in Ford's Men's Bond Capsule Collection for 2016.) Combining

meticulous Savile Row-style tailoring with the lightness and luxury of Italian manufacturing has won Ford a host of A-list clients, from Bradley Cooper to Karl Lagerfeld, and in 2015, the CFDA award for Menswear Designer of the Year.

Yet fashion's eternal wunderkind, now 54 and based in London, where he lives with his husband, former magazine editor Richard Buckley, and their toddler son, Alexander "Jack" John Buckley Ford, has said he "like[s] people naked the best." (The quote is from an interview in *Tom Ford*, a monograph as sleekly seductive and glossy as the man himself, published by Rizzoli in 2008.) "I suppose that's why everything I do looks sexy," he continued, musing, "because if I can take the clothes off, I will."

Born in 1961 to middle-class parents (both real estate agents) in Austin, Texas, Ford was a metrosexual before the term was invented. He insisted on carrying a briefcase to elementary school, rather than a backpack. His charismatic grandmother, descending in her new Cadillac for visits from Santa Fe, New Mexico (where the family moved when he was 11), helped shape his image of allure. "When bell-bottoms came in, she had them first," he has said. "She had the biggest, the wildest. Platforms were in? She had the highest. Jewelry—big and flashy. Seen through someone else's eyes, it was all probably a little bit tacky. Through a child's eyes, she was just the most glamorous thing ever."

Following that dream of style to New York, he enrolled in art history at NYU, switched his major to acting, and dropped out to "be a movie star," before two years of television commercials and going out every night in New York and L.A. sent him back to school. He graduated from Parsons with a degree in environmental design, but talked his way into a job with fashion designer Cathy Hardwick on Seventh Avenue.

Gucci was another big risk that he pulled off through relentless attention to detail (Anna Wintour has called him "the Flaubert of fashion"), the strength of his vision, and killer commercial instincts, including marketing. He's ruffled feathers along the way, though. He recalls a letter he received from Yves Saint Laurent, in which the designer wrote to Ford, "In 13 minutes you have destroyed what I have worked for for 40 years." And an ad

"I AM A PERFECTIONIST. THIS JOB IS A TOTAL EGO THING IN A WAY. TO BE A DESIGNER AND SAY, 'THIS IS THE WAY THEY SHOULD DRESS; THIS IS THE WAY THEIR HOMES SHOULD LOOK; THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD SHOULD BE.' BUT THEN, THAT'S THE GOAL: WORLD DOMINATION THROUGH STYLE."



COURTESY OF TOM FORD

Ford orchestrated for the brand's signature perfume, Opium—shot by Steven Meisel and featuring model Sophie Dahl, naked but for stiletto heels and a diamond necklace, writhing on the floor—was banned in the U.K. But last spring, one of the stars of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's blockbuster fashion exhibition "China: Through the Looking Glass" was a dress by Tom Ford from his last season at Yves Saint Laurent—a sequined, body-hugging, yellow silk satin gown, as mesmerizingly brilliant as an emperor's robes.

Through it all, with his chiseled features, perfectly groomed stubble, and trim, six-foot-tall figure, plus his evident charm, unstoppable drive, and appetite for fun, Ford has been the best advertisement for the brands he has led to triumph. (His "mass luxury" company, Tom Ford International, currently does over \$920 million of business per year; Ford's personal wealth is estimated at more than \$184 million.) "You have to be somebody people are interested in knowing," he explains of the designer's role today. "How does this person live? What does he eat? What does he drink?... The fact is that I am a personification of the brand. I am something that can speak and walk the talk."

In his case, it means an impossibly sleek, midcentury modern, Richard Neutra-designed house in Los Angeles (an art director's dream); a Santa Fe ranch, at once minimalist and spectacularly abstract, designed by Japanese master architect Tadao Ando; and a London townhouse now uncharacteristically "covered in plastic toys" thanks to son Jack, as he recently confided to London's *Evening Standard*. It means keeping himself an "exact size 48 perfect regular," in order to fit into samples of his own menswear line and to look sharp on the arm of Julianne Moore (at this year's Golden Globes) or model Joan Smalls (at the Met's 2013 Costume Institute Gala).

And it means maintaining a certain level of ambition. Ford's second feature, *Nocturnal Animals*, a thriller starring Amy Adams and Jake Gyllenhaal, is currently in postproduction. The subject of a furious bidding war at the Cannes Film Festival, it will be released by Focus Features later this year.

"I am a perfectionist," Ford said in 1996, just as he was stepping into the limelight. "This job is a total ego thing in a way. To be a designer and say, 'This is the way they should dress; this is the way their homes should look; this is the way the world should be.' But then, that's the goal: world domination through style." We couldn't agree more.



A few of Ford's iconic ads: (right, from top) Eyewear 2010, S/S 2009, Eyewear 2009; (above) Tom Ford for Men, 2009.

AMERICAN BEAUTY

The new Ford GT is a fearsome \$400,000 supercar.

Text by DAN CARNEY



All three generations of the Ford GT, from 1965, 2005, and 2017, in red, white, and blue, respectively.



Photographs courtesy of Ford Motor Co.

“WE COMPROMISED ON A LOT OF THINGS IN THE CAR,” SAYS SVENSSON. “PERFORMANCE WAS NOT ONE OF THEM.”



Top to bottom: The air-extracting nostrils in the hood are another reference to the design of the original GT40, though the overall style of the new GT is utterly contemporary.

Designer Chris Svensson's favorite view of the GT shows the wrap of the windshield into the side windows, creating the effect of a helmet visor.

The GT's circular LED taillights evoke the round lights of the first GT40 without degrading the car's critical aerodynamic performance.

Ford design director Chris Svensson gets a gleam in his eye when talking about his prized 1964 Mustang 2+2 fastback. It's been retrofitted to better-than-new condition, with some tweaks for added power, but its mission remains comfortable cruising.

Though he is from England, Svensson has a great appreciation for Ford's heritage and will happily discuss how that '64 Mustang evolved into the 1965 Mustang GT and the Shelby GT350.

As head of the design team for the new Ford GT supercar, he could easily have become mired in the history of the original Ford GT40 and the 2005-06 Ford GT tribute car.

Dave Pericak, Ford's performance director, has been emphatic that the new GT's purpose is to race to win this summer's Le Mans 24 Hours for the 50th anniversary of Ford's resounding 1-2-3 victory over Ferrari in 1966. Because of that, the GT's styling was developed in a wind tunnel, with on-track performance paramount over appearance.

"It would have been so easy to turn this into a science project that transforms into something that looks like no Ford ever," Svensson notes. The goal was to incorporate cues from that original, '60s-vintage GT40 without slavishly duplicating it.

"We wanted the car to have a recognizable Ford GT flavor about it," he explains. "There were some design elements that resonated, and we tried to modernize them and bring them into the new car. They still resonate, and you still see them, but it is very subtle."

The 2005-06 Ford GT "perhaps over-delivered" on the nostalgia, Svensson suggests, providing a template of what he didn't want to do this time. Rather than copying earlier cars, Svensson's team incorporated details such as the heat extractor hood nostrils, and a wraparound windshield that blends into the side windows to create the impression of a helmet visor.

At the same time, many aspects of the design were dictated by the wind tunnel, where reducing drag and increasing downforce were absolutely critical for the future racing version of the GT.

"We compromised on a lot of things in the car," says Svensson. "Performance was not one of them." Passenger comfort, though, is another story. "It might not have the best interior space," he says. "It is tight, I'll admit."

The passenger cabin is extremely narrow, reducing the frontal area that contributes to speed-killing aerodynamic drag. From the outside, it doesn't look noticeably different from other cars or earlier Ford GTs. A flying buttress connects the roof to the rear fender, creating the appearance of a roof pillar for a wide cabin, but that buttress is spaced far from the cockpit, creating a channel between them that flows air to the GT's movable rear wing.

The new GT has modern LED taillights, but they are circular, providing a visual reference to the 1965 original without any performance penalty. "It is like a spaceship from the future, but those key elements really hearken back," Svensson says.

"It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I absolutely love working on this project. For me and the team, it was a dream come true." If Svensson wants a more comfortable ride, he's already got his '64 Mustang.

i Ford GT

- The twin-turbocharged EcoBoost V-6 engine makes "more than 600" horsepower, though the final, official number is likely to be much higher.
- The paddle-shifted, dual-clutch transmission contributes to faster gear changes on the street and on the track.
- A carbon-fiber chassis is stronger and lighter than steel or aluminum, providing the foundation needed for racing.
- Aluminum subframes are bolted to the carbon center section. The front structure provides energy management during a crash, while the rear one is more tolerant of the high engine-bay temperatures.
- Racing-style pushrod suspension permits adjustments to ride height to suit various tracks and racing conditions.
- The 20-inch Michelin Pilot Super Sport Cup 2 tires are effectively street-legal racing rubber.

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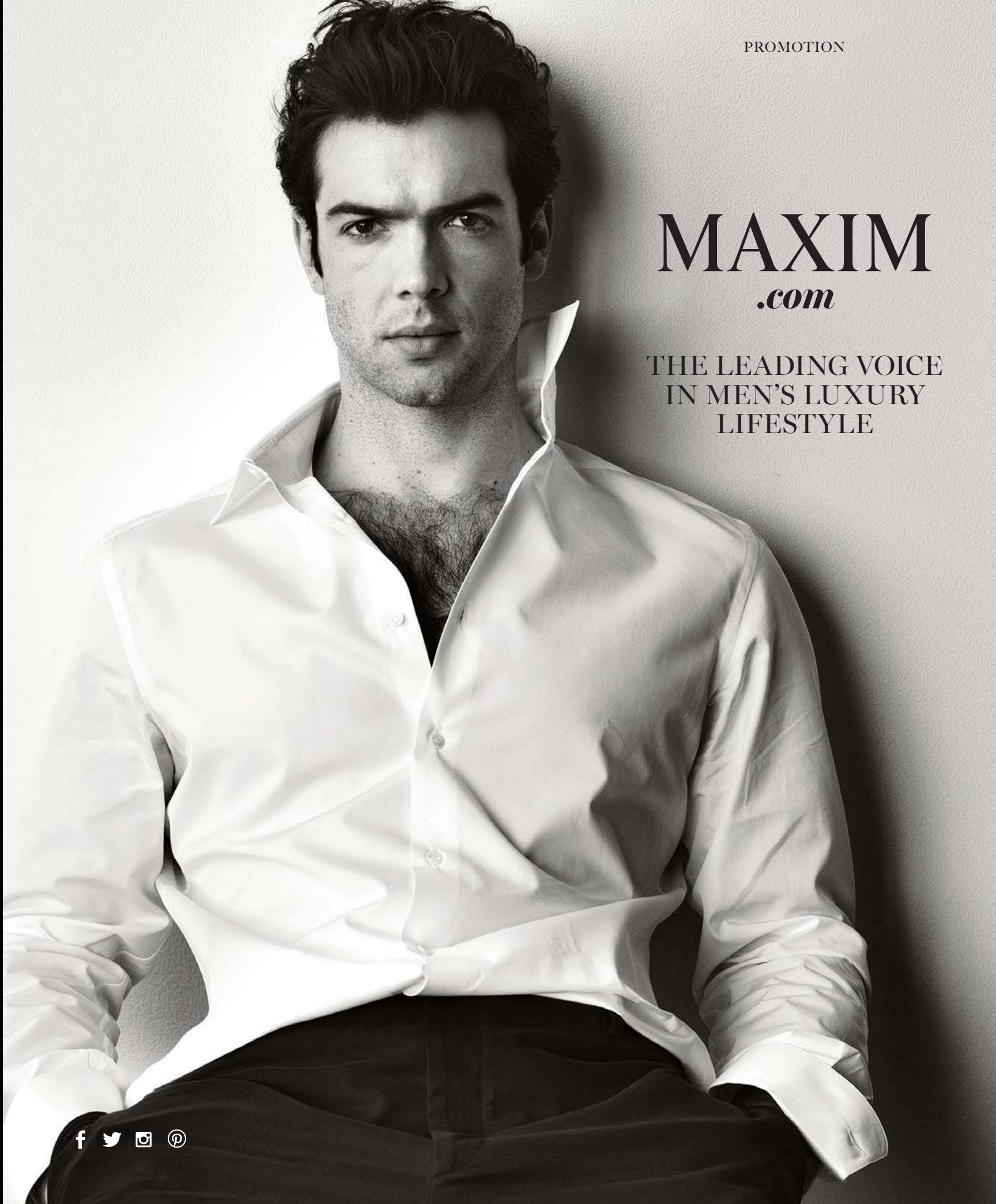


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HANNAH DAVIS CARIBBEAN QUEEN

In a single year, the St. Thomas native has landed her own TV show, national magazine covers, and baseball's most notoriously eligible bachelor. Meet the future Mrs. Derek Jeter.

Photographed by GILLES BENSIMON *Styled by* CAROLINE CHRISTIANSSON
Text by NICOLA KRAUS



Distressed metallic top, vintage. Charm necklaces, stylist's own. Gold circle necklace, GINETTE NY.

Hannah Davis likes to win. After years of struggling to make a name for herself in the notoriously high-turnover world of modeling, the former tennis champion is now squarely front and center—on our TVs, on our newsstands, and in the tabloids. In the past year she became the star of arguably the most controversial swimsuit cover of all time, the popular host of the successful Lifetime spin-off *Project Runway: Junior*, re-created the iconic role of the girl in the Ferrari in last year's National Lampoon reboot, *Vacation*, and captured the heart of her fiancé, former Yankee and five-time World Series Champion Derek Jeter. Spend a minute with her and it's obvious why the 25-year-old has risen to the top of her profession—and gotten one of America's most enduring bachelors to retire from playing the field.

We met at Long Island City's Circus Warehouse—her choice—because she wanted to try aerial acrobatics. I arrived early, but she was even earlier, happily sitting in the waiting area without handlers like any twentysomething from the neighborhood, ready to start her Sunday hanging upside down. Even in casual workout clothes and no makeup, she is ridiculously beautiful. Her eyes are an unusual shade of blue-green, and her skin is the color of toasted sand. But what strikes you immediately is her warmth, her quick smile, her easy laugh.

Eyeing the people spinning above us near the ceiling, without a net, I ask “Why trapeze?” hoping for a bit of reassurance from the former athlete. “I like to try new things,” she says with her slender arms crossed. “I thought this would be fun.”

Our instructor, Summer Lacy, begins the lesson by showing us how to hold a trapeze bar, telling us to trust that our harnesses will work as we leave the comfort of earth.

“I’m not a worrier,” Hannah says. “There’s no point. My philosophy is to let everyone else worry.”

Davis’ parents moved to St. Thomas on their honeymoon and raised their three children with the same kind of centered island mentality that characterizes influencers like Obama and Rihanna. In St. Thomas, Hannah fell in love with tennis young. The same family who instilled a healthy perspective when it comes to worry also drove home the value of hard work and practice, which eventually led to her becoming nationally ranked in the top 50 of the USTA youth division. She grew up accustomed to long hours on the court running drills, repeating her serve and volley, getting better and better still. By age 12 though, scouts were already approaching her to model. She put them off until she was 14, when the thought occurred to her that a little modeling might pay for more court time. “I remember asking my mom, ‘If I get \$200 an hour, how many rackets could I have and how many lessons could I buy?’ That was really my idea of modeling.”



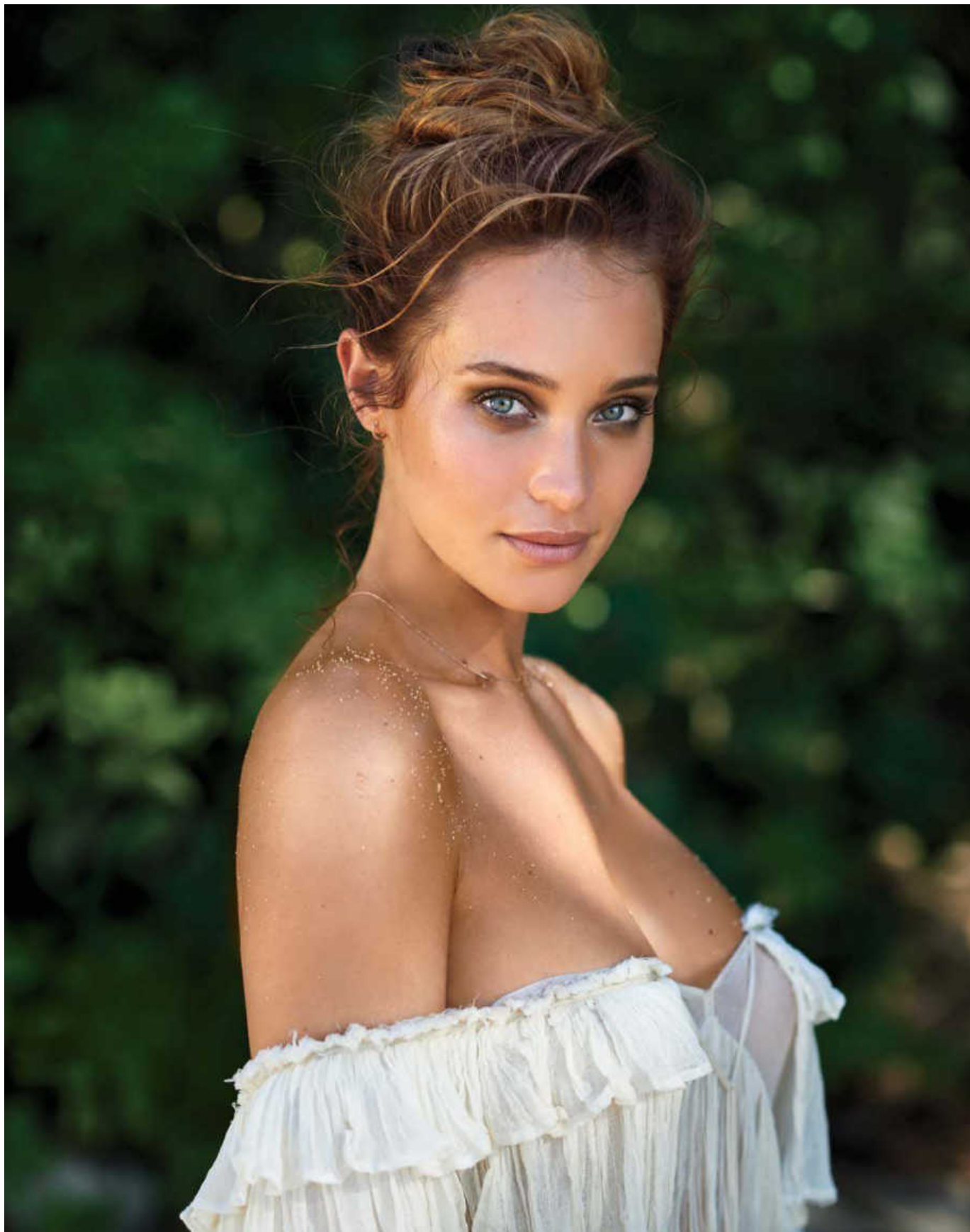






Opposite page: *Thong*, CALVIN KLEIN.
Gold body chain, JACQUIE AICHE.
Leather tassel belt, AZZEDINE ALAÏA.
Ring, model's own (worn throughout).
This page: *Crop top*, AZZEDINE ALAÏA.
Bikini brief, VICTORIA'S SECRET.
Gold body chain, JACQUIE AICHE.





Opposite page: *Distressed T-shirt, vintage.*
This page: *Ruffle top, MES DEMOISELLES.*
Gold circle necklace, GINETTE NY.

After graduation, she moved to New York. "It was terrifying because I didn't even have a credit card," she says. "I was just a kid." She was still thinking she would find a way to balance the two callings, but it quickly became apparent that she'd have to leave tennis behind. "If you take three weeks off, there's someone else who's training during those three weeks. You take six months off and feel like you're four years behind. From one day to the next, I said I can't do this anymore. Because I didn't want to be mediocre at everything, rather than just picking one thing and working really hard at that."

After years of rejection and "harsh criticism" in high-fashion modeling, where her curves were more of a liability than an asset, she was on the verge of quitting the business. Then *Sports Illustrated* came calling. Two years later, she made the iconic cover. When I ask her about the controversy that raged last summer, which had everyone from *Business Insider* to the *New York Times* weighing in on the now infamous image of her sliding down her bikini bottom to reveal nearly her entire hair-free mons, she shrugs it off. "That will be every year with the cover. They'll say, 'It was photoshopped too much, or those aren't her real boobs, or those aren't her real arms.' Look, if they weren't talking about it, I'd be concerned. I'd say, 'What did we do wrong?'"

When first approached by *Project Runway: Junior*, which features aspiring designers ages 13 to 17, she had misgivings. "I told them, 'I'm shy. It takes me a while to get my groove and feel comfortable in front of people. I don't know if I'm the girl for the job.'" Once they convinced her, she immediately wanted to know, "Should I take a hosting class? How do I prepare for this?" But the producers didn't want her to train; they were attracted to her authenticity, and that's what audiences responded to after the show premiered in November. "I love kids, so that was sort of the saving grace. You couldn't come in with a bad attitude, because the minute you walked in, they were waving to you, so excited to be there."

Where we're currently less excited to be is upside down, so Summer shows us some aerial silks and tells us we need to take off any jewelry that might snag the fabric. Hannah and I exchange glances, and I awkwardly offer my cupped palms to hold her solitaire engagement ring, which weighs as much as a hefty beach pebble. She and the famously private Jeter were first spotted out together in December of 2011 and confirmed their engagement in November, arousing much dismay from female Yankees fans on Twitter.

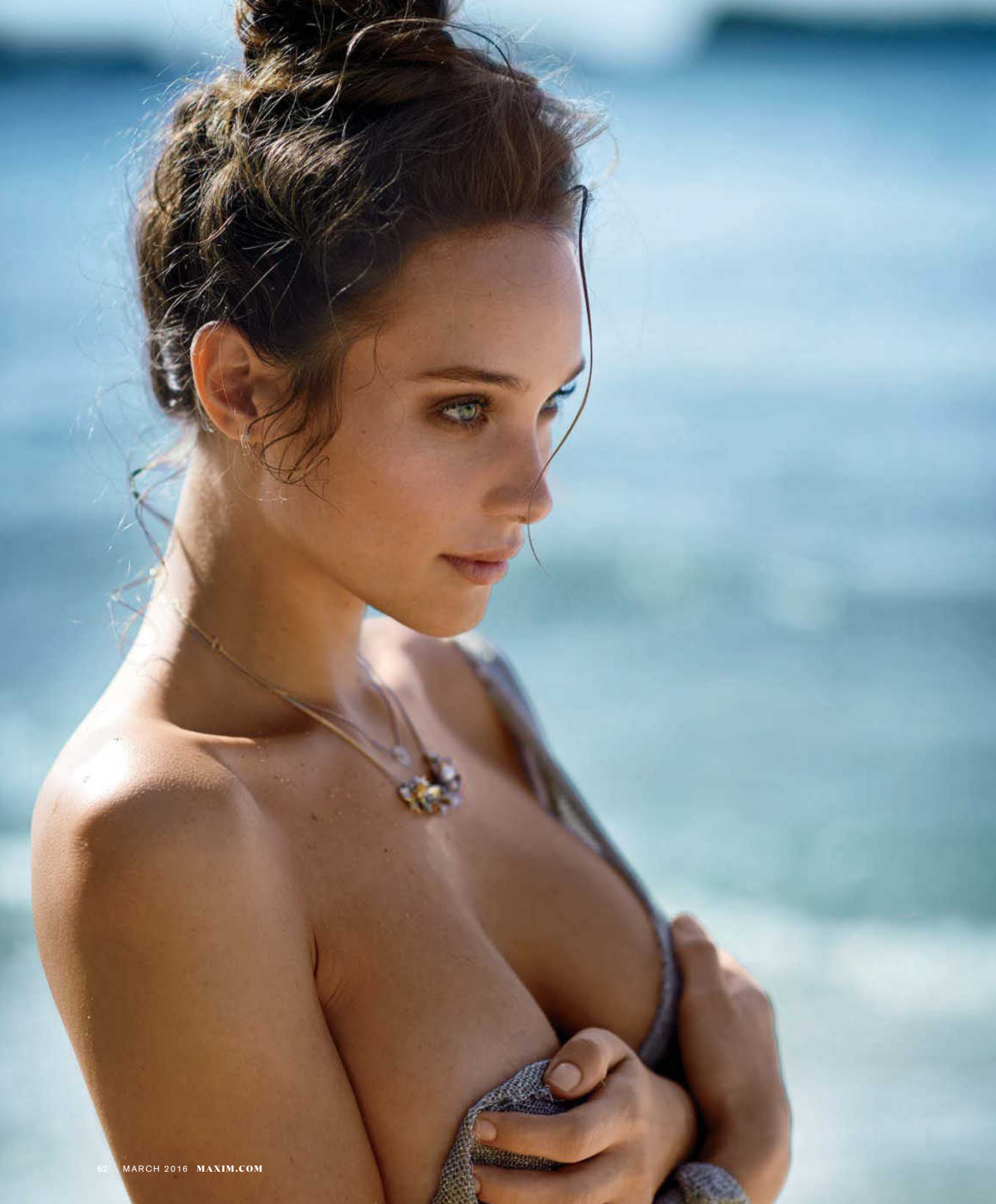
When I ask about her future husband, she demurs. "I never talk about my relationship, only because I feel like I have to share every other part of my life. It's that one part that's a little bit of a mystery to people, but that's the way we want it. The only way to protect it is not to talk about it." What she will say, however, is what she was looking for in a guy before she met him. "Personality is everything," she says. "Having someone you can trust, someone who is an overall honest person, someone who's down-to-earth. Trying to impress you with material things? I think that's lame. I wanted someone whose family is a big, important part of their life." Of course, he's also someone who understands being driven to be the best at something.

The final pose is fittingly called the Mermaid, and we're instructed to flip off the silk strap so our arched torsos face the ground, then hold ourselves up by one hand. Hannah gracefully arches her back, arm extended, face looking like a spotlight should be shining on it. Before we part, I ask about her plans for the future. Aside from the pending nuptials and a move to Jeter's home base of Tampa, she'd like to learn more about the behind-the-scenes of fashion and the construction of garments. And, she reveals with open excitement, she'd love to start a cookie company someday. "With healthy cookies," she says. "I want them to taste unhealthy, but not be so bad for you. I think that would be pretty awesome." And if Hannah Davis were going to invent a cookie, irresistible and wholesome sounds just about right.



Opposite page: Apron and bandana, stylist's own.
This page: Crop top, AZZEDINE ALAÏA.
Bikini brief, VICTORIA'S SECRET.







Opposite page: Distressed metallic top, vintage. Charm necklaces, stylist's own.
 Gold circle necklace, GINETTE NY. This page: Cropped shirt, stylist's own.
 Sunglasses, RAY-BAN. Necklaces, body necklace, and bracelets, AURÉLIE BIDERMAN.
 For more information, see page 96.

Makeup, Quinn Murphy for Dior at the Wall Group
 Hair, Bryce Scarlett for the Hair Shop
 Photographed at the Preserve at Botany Bay,
 St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
 Lessons courtesy of Circus Warehouse

LUXURY TO THE MAX

The virtue of living very well.

The modern English word *luxury* goes back to the Old French *luxurie*, meaning sexual indulgence, lustfulness, debauchery, voluptuousness. Making whoopee.

Over time it lost its naughty connotations and came to mean elegance and excess, and by the early 17th century luxury meant extravagance and magnificence; living like a king.

By the 19th century, luxury came to mean much more. Exploration brought wealth. Science brought industry and manufacturing. The old aristocracy was based on land. The new aristocracy would be based on money. Titles meant nothing compared to great fortunes. Power was up for grabs among the wealthy, and displays of wealth were the key to social advancement. Class wasn't about blood but liquidity.

It is said that the first celebrity was George Bryan "Beau" Brummell (1778–1840), the inventor of dandyism and the most popular man of his time. Brummell came from the middle class; his fortune was modest. Taste was his genius. He ruled society by the way he dressed, his hygiene, his manners, and his cutting wit. The Prince of Wales, who became King George IV, sought him out as a best friend and spent hours at Brummell's house watching him dress.

As the 19th century progressed, luxury came to mean indulgence in what is expensive and of superior quality, what is rare and costly, and pleasures and comforts beyond life's necessities. At the end of the century, the sociologist and economist Thorstein Veblen published a revolutionary book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, which introduced the concept of conspicuous consumption.

Veblen wrote, "The growth of punctilious discrimination as to qualitative excellence in eating, drinking, etc. presently affects not only the manner of life, but also the training and intellectual activity of the gentleman of leisure. He is no longer simply the successful, aggressive male—the man of strength, resource, and intrepidity. In order to avoid stultification he must also cultivate his tastes, for it now becomes incumbent upon him to discriminate with some nicety between the noble and the ignoble in consumable goods. He becomes a connoisseur in...various degrees of merit, in manly beverages...seemly apparel and architecture, in weapons, games... This cultivation of aesthetic faculty requires time and application and the demands made upon the gentleman in this direction therefore tend to change a life of leisure into a more or less arduous application to the busi-

ness of learning how to live a life of ostensible leisure in a becoming way."

In other words, great success brings great leisure, which then turns out to be a lot of work. The word *snob* was popularized by William Makepeace Thackeray with the 1848 publication of *The Book of Snobs*. The word is taken from a Cambridge University slang term for non-Cambridge students, which then came to include commoners. Another theory holds that the word came from *s.nob.*, short for *sine nobilitate*. It describes the greater efforts made by those without noble blood or great fortune to appear genteel, worldly, and sophisticated.

Today, luxury is more than ever a determiner of social status. And there are various cultures of luxury existing side by side. One set of connoisseurs will naturally find another vulgar or tacky. New money has always been mocked by old money, while old money is seen as uncool and uptight. But the most interesting change in the concept of luxury is that it's no longer strictly a matter of conspicuous consumption but of coded consumption. The very wealthy are as likely to be seen in jeans, tee, hoodie, and sneakers as they are in bespoke tailoring and handmade shoes. This has to do with the casual office, the digital network, and personal security.

Old-school luxury was often flamboyant, costly stuff handmade by artisans. Those traditional luxuries, the Savile Row bespoke suit and handmade shoes, still uplift us today. But today's entrepreneur may also wear a pair of six-grand Nike Air Mags, three-grand Gucci jeans, a cashmere Michael Kors hoodie, and an Hermès tee, and not stand out in a crowd, but be entirely visible and decodable to the fashion initiates. Today, luxury is a secret society.

Perhaps it's even more about an inner luxury. You know what you're wearing and it makes you feel successful, like you're living like a king, and maybe, if you've got the right haircut and a nice ride, you'll experience that other luxury: sexiness.

Just because some people we don't admire are besotted with luxury doesn't make luxury a bad thing. Luxuries are the best necessities. Sometimes we can get by with the regular, the standard-issue, but we all need special things to inspire us. Enjoy! Make some whoopee. Maximize your luxury at every opportunity.

Or as Frank Lloyd Wright wrote, "The necessities were going by default to save the luxuries until I hardly knew which were necessities and which luxuries."

Text by GLENN O'BRIEN Photographed by RUVEN AFANADOR Styled by ISABEL DUPRÉ



Suit and shirt, DOLCE & GABBANA.
Bow tie, THE TIE BAR. Socks, FALKE.
Shoes, VERSACE. Watch, PANERAI.





*Jacket and pants, JEFFREY RÜDES.
Shirt and tie, BURBERRY. Socks, FALKE.
Shoes, THOM BROWNE. Tie bar and
ring, FABULOUS FANNY'S.*





*Jacket, shirt, tie, pants, and bracelet,
DIOR HOMME. Socks, FALKE. Shoes,
VERSACE. Ring, FABULOUS FANNY'S.*



*Trench coat, jacket, shirt, tie, jeans,
belt, and shoes, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI.
Socks, FALKE. Watch, PANERAI.*



Tuxedo and shirt, POLO RALPH LAUREN. Bow tie and pocket square, THE TIE BAR. Ring and cuff links, FABULOUS FANNY'S. Pocket watch, NEW YORK VINTAGE, INC.



Opposite page: Suit, shirt, tie, and pocket square, SUITSUPPLY. Pocket watch and cane, NEW YORK VINTAGE, INC.
This page: Jacket and pants, GIVENCHY. Shirt, SUITSUPPLY. Tie, THE TIE BAR. Watch, ROLEX.

For more information, see page 96.



Grooming, Joanne Gair for JoanneGair.com
using Edward Bess. Hair, Shalom. Set design,
Todd Wiggins for Mary Howard Studio.

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VIRGIN TERRITORY

From private islands and superyachts to underwater adventures and Dionysian beach parties, there's no greater place to escape than the Virgin Islands. Here's where to eat, play, and stay in paradise.

Text by LINDSAY SILBERMAN





Each March, the world's greatest sailing yachts descend upon Virgin Gorda for the Loro Piana Caribbean Superyacht Regatta & Rendezvous. Above, the 138-foot J-class yacht Hanuman.

Bikini-clad fire dancers have stormed the sand for the grand finale, their pyrotechnic torches waving in perfect unison, like synchronized swimmers on land. It appears, if just for a second, that the women are multiplying. But that's just the Painkiller talking. After five of them—those sweet Virgin Island rum cocktails that live up to their opiate-inspired name—it's probably best to call it a night. Other partygoers are beginning to trickle out, too, in hopes of getting some shut-eye before tomorrow, the second day of the Loro Piana Caribbean Superyacht Regatta & Rendezvous. The competition takes place every March in the British Virgin Islands, attracting the world's most opulent superyachts and the international jet set who tend to orbit around them, with a healthy appetite for lavish beach bacchanals and IRL boat porn.

If it weren't for the prime sailing conditions, the Virgin Islands—which are located just 40 miles east of Puerto Rico—would be an unlikely host for such a buzz-worthy spectacle. In contrast to neighboring St. Barts, where being seen comes with the territory, the Virgins are decidedly private, unpretentious, and paparazzi-free, which is why so many power players have purchased property here. Or, in the case of Sir Richard Branson, purchased entire islands.

As the story goes, Branson bought Necker Island, a 74-acre private enclave in the BVI, with a single purpose: to impress the girl he'd fallen in love with. Unsurprisingly, his plan worked; the two got hitched there 11 years later, in 1989, and have called it their permanent home ever since.

Branson now rents out the island to his celebrity friends (or anyone else willing to fork over the \$78,000 per-night price tag) and in recent years bought a second island, Moskito, just two miles away, which officially opened for rental this winter. The island has an eco-friendly resort—called the Branson Estate, naturally—consisting of three palatial villas that accommodate a total of 22 people. It's the ultimate adult amusement park, where water sports are at your fingertips, the bars are stocked with all the booze you can stomach, and private chefs cater every meal. Not to mention the DJ, who's included in the cost of your stay.

The region has a history of seducing its visitors the way it did Branson: Notoriously private Google founder Larry Page is widely believed to own Eustatia, the 30-acre private island south of Necker, and Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen is fond of cruising the North Sound aboard *Octopus*, his 414-foot megayacht. Morgan Freeman has a home on Virgin Gorda, the third largest of the 50-plus islands that comprise the BVI. That's also where you'll find intimate five-star hotels, sprawling villas, and the Caribbean outpost of Italy's famed megayacht haven, the Yacht Club Costa Smeralda, founded by the Aga Khan. And while the main island, Tortola, is far less sophisticated (and far more touristy) than Virgin Gorda, you'd be remiss if you didn't at least hop over for the legendary full moon parties. Go yachting and diving by day, dancing on the beach by night—does it get any better than that?

Well, actually, it does. Just west of the BVI, the U.S. Virgin Islands offer 133 square miles of pristine island chains with a similar laid-back luxury vibe. The four largest—St. Thomas, St. John, St. Croix, and Water Island—have world-class snorkeling, perfect beaches, and rarefied accommodations to wow even the most well-traveled companion. Take her to the Rockefeller-

founded Caneel Bay Resort on St. John, for instance, and spend a weekend free from distraction—phones and televisions are noticeably absent in the rooms. Or book a private home on the beach for just the two of you (St. John has plenty of them).

But if you really want to go all in, you'll charter a yacht—and since the Virgin Islands are a sailing mecca, there's a deep well to choose from. Sail your own Sun Odyssey 469 "bare-boat" style from BVI Yacht Charters or invite some friends and rent a fully crewed, 57-foot catamaran from the Moorings, with six guest cabins, your own captain, and a gourmet chef. Or go even bigger and secure yourself a super-yacht. Because why should you settle on one island when you can see them all? Whether you're planning an adrenaline-fueled water-sports weekend with friends or hoping to sweep an island nymph off her feet, here's how to do the Virgin Islands right.

WHERE TO STAY

Go Private

These fully staffed villas and estates promise the comforts of home, and then some.

Katitche Point Greathouse

When you think of destinations renowned for their architectural mastery, a tiny island in the Caribbean is probably not the first place that comes to mind. But Katitche Point Greathouse

is a remarkable exception. Even though it's just a 10-minute drive from the Valley, Virgin Gorda's idyllic town center, the property feels like a secluded oasis. Architect Michael Helm drew inspiration for the space from the pyramids in Egypt, constructing vaulted ceilings at a precise 51-degree angle. The five suites that comprise the villa are situated around a verdant courtyard; each has its own private veranda with ocean views. Beyond the design, what

makes Katitche Point so indulgent is the service—it's like having an entire five-star boutique hotel to yourself. Maids and butlers are at your daily disposal, and there's a concierge on hand to arrange massages and private chef dinners. Perhaps best of all, housekeeping will take care of your laundry. If you happen to be a Zen-seeker, the third floor of the main house offers a meditation room called the Crow's Nest, equipped with mats and floor pillows.



Katitche Point Greathouse,
Virgin Gorda, BVI.



The Bali House at Valley Trunk, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands.

OPENING SPREAD: LAURENCE LABORIE/TRUNK ARCHIVE. PREVIOUS SPREAD: COURTESY JEFF BROWN/YACHT CLUB COSTA SMERALDA. THIS PAGE, FROM TOP: COURTESY KATITCHE POINT GREATHOUSE; COURTESY THE BALI HOUSE. OPPOSITE PAGE: SARAH KEOE/AUGUST





Coral Bay in St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands.

Rates: During low season, \$410/night, per person, for six people; during high season, \$460 per night, per person, for six people.

Valley Trunk

The 16-person private compound owned by the Wildensteins, a family of billionaire art dealers, isn't the most modern villa on Virgin Gorda, but it still has a leg up on all the others: Renting Valley Trunk also comes with the use of the family's fully staffed 68-foot yacht, *Xanadu*. Plus, you get to feel good about the amount of money you're shelling out—the profits from renters are put toward the family's black rhino conservation effort

in Africa, which basically makes you a philanthropist. Valley Trunk has all the bells and whistles you'd expect from the private home of a prominent family, like Frette linens on the beds and Hermès toiletries in the bathrooms. As you whip around the property in your personal golf cart, you'll find it hard to believe that just 35 years ago, it was completely uninhabited. Daniel Wildenstein scooped up the 19 acres of tropical jungle in 1981 and spent five years completing the estate, which now has multiple suites and villas, a cinema room, and an imported Balinese beach house that was rebuilt on the island in its entirety. The beach where the Bali House sits is widely consid-

ered the best in the BVI, and until last year, only the owners were able to enjoy it—they just recently decided to open their estate to private renters. **Rates:** From \$168,000 per week for up to 16 people and use of the yacht (not including fuel).

Villa Mäs

Everything about Villa Mäs—from the contemporary design to the villa's name itself—suggests bachelor paradise. The property, which was just completed two years ago, is unusually modern for the Virgin Islands. It has stainless steel hardware, granite countertops, rain showers in each of the four bathrooms, a half-basketball court, and an outdoor kitchen with a bar and grill. The pièce de résistance is Villa Mäs' infinity pool, tricked out with LED lights for atmospheric late-night swimming. The home sleeps 10, though you can also take up the neighboring (and equally slick) Palms at Morningstar villa, which accommodates an additional six people. **Rates:** \$1,142/night, per person, for up to 10 people.

Villa Carlota

Imagine plucking a villa straight out of the Italian Riviera and dropping it on a hillside in the Caribbean. That's Villa Carlota, an opulent property full of European flavor, which is to say, there's no shortage of marble. (One of the two massive Italian fountains is designed to look like a baroque lion's head.) The 8,100-square-foot villa has five bedrooms in three separate pavilions and an infinity pool that seems to spill out over the Caribbean. It's also located in one of St. John's most exclusive areas, the gated community of Peter Bay, which locals often describe as a "billionaire's hideaway." With 60 percent of the island protected as national parkland, property on St. John is considered a serious luxury—and Villa Carlota is no exception. **Rates:** \$2,900/night, per person, for up to 10 guests.

Go Really Private

There's no greater luxury than laying claim to your own Caribbean island, if only for a week.

Necker Island

Living like a billionaire—even if you're not quite there yet—is entirely possible at Sir Richard Branson's Necker Island, which the Virgin mogul rents out for rates starting at \$78,000 per night. Invite 33 of your nearest and dearest (the property sleeps 34) and it breaks down to \$2,294 per person—not so steep when you consider it includes unlimited food, drinks, and the coolest water toys you can dream of. You'll also have access to the *Necker Nymph* submarine and the *Necker Belle*, a 105-foot private-charter catamaran. There are, however, several periods throughout the year—called Celebration Weeks—when you can rent single dwellings. A room in the Great



Model Erin Heatherton gets comfortable on Necker Island.



A kitesurfer jumps from the roof of Headland House on Moskito Island. Below: Necker Island's master suite.

House costs \$29,960 per couple for seven nights, while the Temple House Master Suite goes for \$48,300. That also comes with Necker's 100-person staff: chefs, housekeeping, spa therapists, a wildlife conservation manager, water sports instructors, and a tennis pro. Branson bought the island in '78 and has since transformed it into an adult fantasyland with a rooftop hot tub, infinity pools, and female staffers who don bikinis in lieu of uniforms. (Some also serve sushi off their half-naked bodies, upon request.)

The island hosts a yearly pro-am tennis match called the Necker Cup, where the world's top talent comes to compete with the understanding that any time they get aced or hit a double fault, they're required to take a shot at the bar (recent attendees have included Nadal, Djokovic, McEnroe, and Navratilova). And while it's been said that what happens on Necker stays on Necker, that isn't technically true: Tales of seriously debauched, celebrity-studded parties are common, like the time Robert De Niro danced until dawn on an all-night bender. Among many others, Mick Jagger, Kate Moss, Harrison Ford, Mariah Carey, and Prince Harry have been spotted here. And then, of course, there's Branson's well-documented farewell tradition of mooning guests as they depart the island. But for those who prefer a more mellow experience, Necker can accommodate. Tony Blair, Jimmy Carter, and Nelson Mandela have all visited—safe to say

they weren't eating sushi off the waitresses. *Rates:* \$78,000/night for up to 34 people; individual rooms during Celebration Weeks start at \$29,960 per couple for seven nights.

Moskito Island

Just two miles southwest of Necker you'll find Moskito Island, Branson's latest and greatest BVI project. The property, which opened for rental just a few months ago, has 11 bedrooms and

can accommodate 22 people for \$43,700 a night. Branson bought the 125-acre hideaway in 2007 and built three villas—two for his children, and one for himself, called Headland House, where he stays when Necker is booked. It's not the worst consolation: Headland has two bedrooms plus a master suite with 180-degree views and an infinity pool that snakes around the perimeter. So if you feel like rolling out of bed for a late-night dip, you're just a few steps away. True to Branson



form, the entire estate was designed with entertaining in mind—there are multiple bars, tennis courts, and a recreation area. Not a single detail at Moskito is overlooked—for instance, when you arrive at your villa and peek inside the wine refrigerator (each villa has one), you'll notice two bottles of red, two bottles of white, and two bottles of rosé. And as with Necker, all the liquor and food is included, along with a DJ, because if anyone appreciates the importance of throwing a great beach party, it's Sir Richard Branson. *Rates:* \$47,300/night for up to 22 people.

Little Thatch Island

A less extravagant (but still very extravagant) option is Seagrape Cottage on Little Thatch Island. The tasteful one-bedroom home is the kind of place a supermodel might describe as adorable, with a four-poster bed and a modest dock where you'll want to eat all of your meals. It's the only villa available for rent on the entire island, so the cottage feels incredibly remote, even though Tortola is just 500 yards away. Trips to the mainland are convenient and four transfers are included in a three-night stay. *Rates:* \$7,875 per week for two people.

Guana Island

If you're seeking the exclusivity of a private island and don't mind rubbing elbows with other guests, head to Guana. The 850-acre wildlife preserve has three villas and 15 sea-view cottages, 21 rooms in total, that can be rented out in their entirety or booked on an individual-room basis. You'll arrive via boat to a private dock on White Bay Beach—one of seven beaches on the island—where a golf cart will be waiting to escort you up a mountainous path. The staff at Guana, who gather to greet you at the clubhouse when you arrive, are eager to arrange off-island expeditions, like diving and fishing trips, but chances are you'll want to stay put. Here, you've already found your tropical utopia, where everything happens according to plan: Each day guests convene for drinks at 6:30 p.m. before settling in for dinner on the Queen's Terrace at 7:30. Billionaire psychiatrist and investor Henry Jarecki, father of documentary filmmaker Andrew Jarecki (HBO's *The Jinx*), purchased Guana in 1975 intent on developing a resort that wouldn't disrupt the island's natural beauty and unusual wildlife. He also turned it into something of a sanctuary for endangered species, importing flamingos, rare iguanas, and land turtles, which all roam the property freely. *Rates:* Starting at \$22,000 per night for an island buyout during off-season, for up to 32 people.

Peter Island

The largest private island in the BVI has just one ultra-luxurious hotel, the aptly named Peter Island Resort & Spa, and five postcard-perfect

beaches. If you're the kind of guy who relishes the chance to get out and do things, this is the place to be. The resort's Ashore & Afloat Sailing Package gives you a taste of private island living and life at sea—you'll spend five nights at the hotel and two nights aboard the 51-foot *Silmaril*, a Norwegian-designed vintage sailing yacht that comes with a cook and a captain. Alternatively, try the resort's summer villa rental program, which takes all the guesswork out of relocating for a monthlong holiday—the hardest decision you'll have to make is which villa to choose (we suggest the Falcon's Nest, a sumptuous six-bedroom estate with a grotto and its own three-story waterfall). Just pack your bags and Peter Island takes care of the rest, like staffing the villa with a personal chef, valet, and housekeepers. The island is also available for private buyouts if you'd prefer to have the whole place to yourself. *Rates:* \$43,400 for a 28-night stay in a fully staffed villa with six people; buyouts can accommodate up to 130 people, with pricing available upon request.

The view from Oil Nut Bay's 4,778-square-foot Reef House estate.

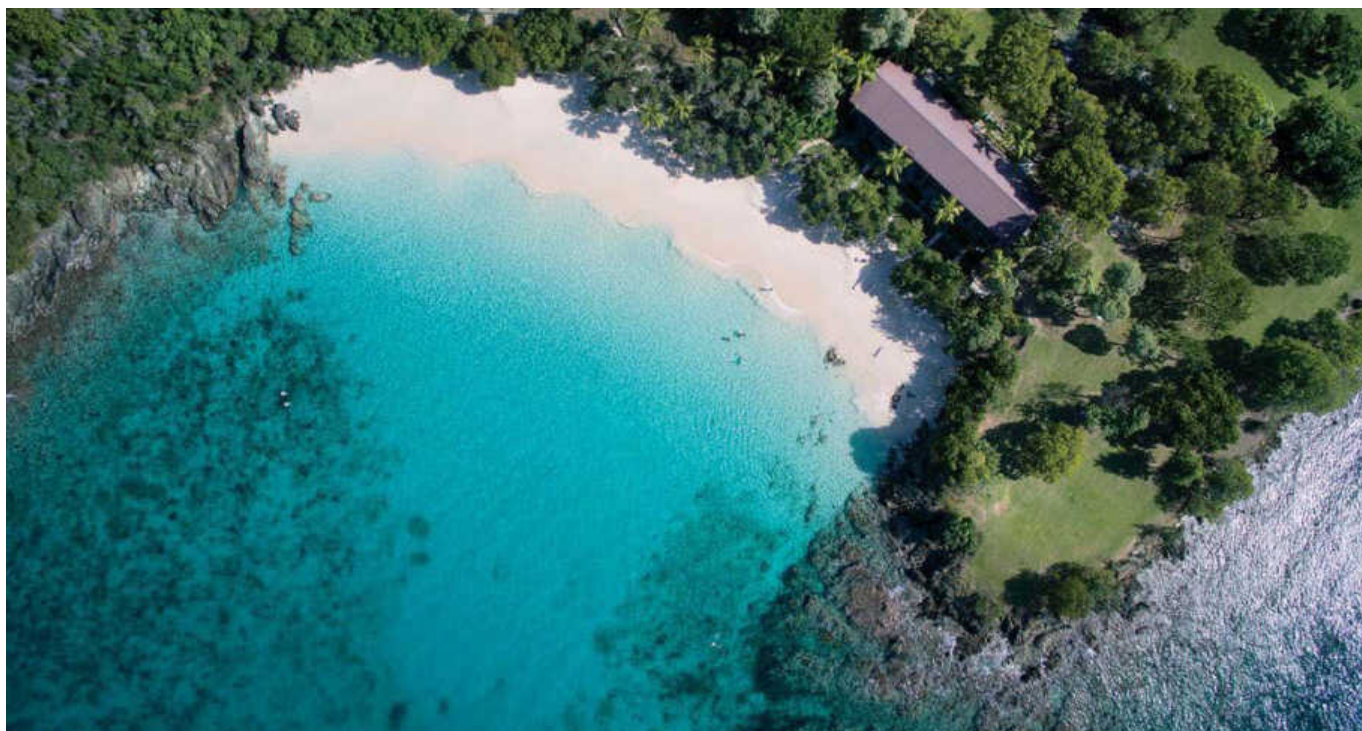


Scrub Island

Home to one of the few marinas in the region that can accommodate 160-foot megayachts, Scrub Island delivers plenty of nautical eye candy. The island's only resort also has a sailing school program founded by a former Olympian and America's Cup sailor. Scrub Island is actually a Marriott, though you'd only know it from the letterhead in your room, which means it's a more accessible luxury option that offers private-island cred without the private-island price tag. *Rates:* Individual rooms start at \$509/night during low season; buyouts are available for a three-night minimum and accommodate up to 130 people.

Buck Island

Would-be Bransons in search of a private hideaway to call home permanently are in luck. The 43-acre Buck Island, just southeast of Tortola, is currently for sale, but you might want to act quickly. Edward de Mallet Morgan, a partner at the real estate consultancy Knight Frank, is confident it will go fast—and that's not just a sales



The Caneel Bay Resort on St. John is adjacent to the lush, 5,000-acre Virgin Islands National Park.

pitch. “We’ve had many recent inquiries from self-made entrepreneurial types who want to relocate their family—and potentially their business—to the British Virgin Islands because of the tax benefits,” he says. Another thing the island has working in its favor is a move-in ready, seven-bedroom residence with a chef’s kitchen, gym, conference room, and offices. “Occasionally we get people who want to be Robinson Cru-

soe and develop their own untouched island, but it’s a huge undertaking to pioneer,” says de Mallet Morgan, who points to some major things to consider before buying an undeveloped island. “There’s finding a water resource, figuring out what you’re going to do for power and drainage, and then of course building a house, which requires importing all of the materials to the nearest main island first and managing all the labor

involved in getting it there.” A very expensive headache, indeed. Buck was originally listed at \$50 million, but the current price is undisclosed.

Island Hopping

Being noncommittal has its own rewards. Spend a few nights bouncing around among the best hotels in the region.

Ritz-Carlton, St. Thomas

St. Thomas has a reputation for being the most tourist-ridden destination in the Virgin Islands, but the Ritz is its saving grace. Far removed from the island’s busy port town, the property looks more like a colonial mansion than a hotel, spread throughout 30 acres of tropical heaven. If you’re the type that needs a few days to fully embrace vacation mode, an aromatherapy massage at the Ritz Spa will help speed up the process. The savviest guests request the seaside cabana, where you can enjoy the sound of crashing waves during your treatment. Another on-property perk: the hotel’s recently redesigned Club Lounge, a jet-set hangout with insane views that serves breakfast, lunch, hors d’oeuvres, and cocktails all day. Even better, the Ritz has its own 53-foot catamaran, *Lady Lynsey*, for snorkeling trips, island-hopping tours, and sunset sails.

Oil Nut Bay

Part resort, part residential oasis, part private club, Oil Nut Bay on Virgin Gorda’s eastern peninsula is arguably the most exclusive community in the BVI. It’s accessible by boat, but

Ritz-Carlton’s 30-acre St. Thomas compound.



your best bet is arriving by helicopter when the property's helipad is completed this month. (There will also be an official customs office on-site). Oil Nut Bay's eight villas are scattered throughout the peninsula; some are built into the cliffside, while others are right on the beach. Each is spectacular in its own right, but we're partial to the one-bedroom Cliff Penthouse Suite (starting at \$1,750/night), which is furnished by Fendi Casa and has a living room with two fully retractable glass walls. The view from the Cliff Penthouse is second only to that of the Reef House (starting at \$2,050/night), where a 52-foot infinity lap pool, flanked on either side by tiki huts, overlooks the marina village on Eustatia Sound. At 4,778 square feet, the three-bedroom Reef House is a beach cabana on steroids. You might decide you want to move in, and that's totally fine—the estate has a handful of properties for sale.

Rosewood Little Dix Bay

When famed financier and conservationist Laurance Rockefeller opened Little Dix Bay in 1964, it quickly became a Caribbean hot spot for well-heeled travelers. Fifty-two years later, the resort still has the same cachet today. But Little Dix Bay has never been the kind of hotel that begs for attention; its structures are camouflaged into the lush, tropical landscape, and rooms are discreetly dispersed along the beach and up the hillside. Little Dix Bay's two beach houses are the most sought after, with open-air living rooms, a private pool, direct beach access, and an outdoor shower, which is best enjoyed with company. Get there while you can: The hotel is set to close for an 18-month renovation beginning in May.

Caneel Bay Resort

In contrast to crowded St. Thomas, St. John is the least developed of all the U.S. Virgin Islands, so upscale resorts are few. But sophisticated travelers know about Caneel Bay Resort, another hotel from Rockefeller, who bought the land in 1952. It's maintained a reputation as the island's top hotel ever since, partially due to its location on the north shore of Virgin Islands National Park, a 5,000-acre preserve with rain forest hiking trails and sugar plantations. If the idea of arduous exercise on vacation sounds like punishment, don't worry; there are seven easily accessible beaches nearby. Stay a week and you'll get to experience a different one every day. There are no phones, TVs, or fancy designer soaps in the rooms, and that's just fine.

Charter A Yacht

If you go to the Virgin Islands and don't charter a boat, you're missing the point. Here's why: The Virgins are so tightly clustered, you could easily see a handful of them over the course of

an afternoon; hit Cooper Island and Salt Island in between breakfast and lunch, then explore Peter and Norman Islands between lunch and dinner. The accessibility is pretty remarkable when you consider that elsewhere in the Caribbean, it can take an entire day just to reach another island. Arranging a charter requires minimal effort, thanks to companies like **The Moorings** (moorings.com) and **BVI Yacht Charters** (bviyachtcharters.com), where crewed boats, power craft, and sailboats can be reserved with a single click. BVI Yacht Charters' 60-foot sailing yacht *Blue Passion* goes for \$17,000/week for eight guests and a crew. **Voyage Charters** (voyagecharters.com) also has an impressive fleet of yachts and a team that can help craft the perfect itinerary. Book the all-inclusive "Off the Grid" catamaran tour (around \$38,000/week for 10 passengers) and you'll have a private chef at your disposal, whipping up spring onion-infused scrambled eggs for breakfast, grilled mahi tacos for lunch, and a fat rib-eye with garlic and Parmesan crushed potatoes for dinner. For an even more elevated experience, spend a week aboard *Bella Vita* (\$189,000/week plus expenses for 12 guests and nine crew members). The 148-foot superyacht is decadent in every way—meals are served on Hermès dinnerware and beverages in Baccarat crystal glasses. As the primary guest, you'll bunk in the main-deck master suite, which has skylights above the bed and nearly floor-to-ceiling windows throughout. But if you feel like the average superyacht just won't cut it—and you've got cash to burn—then stop what you're doing and charter the 533-foot *Eclipse*, the largest yacht available for lease in the world. It's owned by none other than Roman Abramovich, who, like a true Russian billionaire, spared no expense in creating the ultimate tycoon's plaything. The 18-stateroom boat is ostensibly a floating megamansion, with three helipads, a helicopter hangar, and space for 70 staffers—plus an elevator, dance floor, and 52-foot swimming pool. You'll need to contact the charter broker to work out the details, but expect to spend around \$2 million a week (*Bella Vita* and *Eclipse*, yachtcharterfleet.com).

WHAT TO DO

Kick back at a yacht club, pilot a chopper, scuba dive in the dark—and that's just day one.

By Day

There are plenty of ways to experience the Virgin Islands without being inundated by cruise ship crowds and fanny-packers. Spend an afternoon at Virgin Gorda's **Yacht Club Costa Smeralda**, a sister outpost of the famed Mediterranean marina in Porto Cervo, Sardinia. With 38 slips that accommodate megayachts up to 300 feet long, the harbor is a haven for avid



The uninhabited Green Cay, near Tortola, British Virgin Islands.



boaters and yachties. It also provides the perfect backdrop for lunch at the clubhouse or a cocktail at the poolside bar. Just across the sound, you'll see the **Bitter End Yacht Club**, another great home base for a day of Caribbean revelry. A decidedly more laid-back yacht club, BEYC looks like a luxury tree house on water, furnished by a hippie with really great taste. If quiet leisure is what you're after, **Anegada Island** is where you'll find it. The remote coral atoll is the second largest island in the BVI but has a population of less than 300. Stop by **Anegada Beach Club** for an ice-cold Carib before embarking on a more ambitious endeavor, like the six-hour "Zero to Hero" kitesurfing course through **Tommy Gaunt Kitesurfing**. Since Anegada's beaches

are truly secluded, there won't be anyone judging your moves. The island is also a mecca for bonefishing—fly-fishing for kings in the shallows of the Caribbean—and the local experts will soon have you addicted to the sport. Go with **Gargfield's Guides** or Danny Vanterpool of **Danny's Bonefishing**, who has taught notable figures like President Jimmy Carter.

The Virgin Islands are home to some of the best beaches in the Caribbean—namely **Magens Bay** (St. Thomas), **Cane Bay** (St. Croix), **Smuggler's Cove** (Tortola), **Spring Bay** (Virgin Gorda), and **White Bay Beach** (Jost Van Dyke). But after sunning in the sand, the must-do BVI activity is scuba diving: Book a private charter through **Blue Water Divers** or **Dive BVI** and they'll take

you to some of the more off-the-grid sites, plus wrecks like the *RMS Rhone* at **Salt Island**, where the 1977 thriller *The Deep* was shot. The companies also offer diving tours of the wreck by night, which cater to underwater adrenaline junkies. **The wreck of the Chikuzen** is equally impressive for diving devotees. The 246-foot Japanese refrigeration ship sank in 1981 and remains virtually untouched—save for the schools of barracuda, stingrays, and nurse sharks that call it home. For snorkelers, **Leinster Bay** and **Watermelon Cay** on the northern tip of St. John are flush with sea turtles and coral rock formations; and on the British side, the **Norman Island Caves** reveal hidden wrecks and bays by underwater flashlight. It's rumored that the uninhabited island was the



The Yacht Club Costa Smeralda Marina on Virgin Gorda.

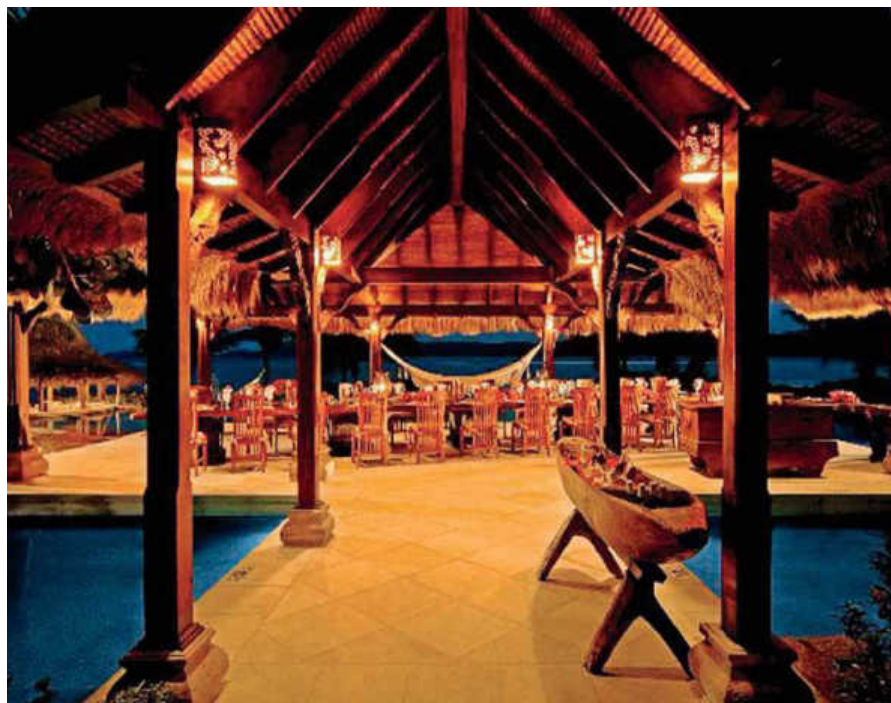
inspiration for Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.

Above the sea, there's heli-golfing in the U.S. Virgin Islands, which sadly does not involve hitting balls out of a chopper but rather being picked up on the island of your choice and flown to the Virgin Islands' best tee: **Carambola Golf Club in St. Croix**. The internationally recognized par-72 course is as challenging as it is beautiful, with rolling fairways and tropical greenery. As you fly back, there's a good chance you'll be tempted to pilot the chopper yourself. And that's when **Caribbean Buzz Helicopters** will come in handy. The St. Thomas-based company offers flight training lessons on helicopters with dual-operated controls, throughout the Virgin Islands.

By Night

If you're looking for bottle service and thumping nightclubs, you're better off in Ibiza. You won't find much of it in the Virgin Islands, and most people don't seem to mind. This is the land of private soirées in the sand, like **Oil Nut Bay's invitation-only beach party** for yacht owners and their guests. The over-the-top event takes place every March during the Loro Piana Caribbean Superyacht Regatta & Rendezvous and sticks to an overall theme (last year's was Old Hollywood Glamour). For a vibe that's a bit more down-to-earth, go native and try the mushroom tea at the BVI's infamous full moon party. At the monthly bash—which takes place at **Bomba's Shack**, a beachfront bar made out of driftwood in Tortola—Bomba himself doles out hallucinogenic beverages to guests. It's a zero-frills experience, but one you might not want to miss.

You can also get high in a strictly altitudinal sense at **The Tree House**, a Virgin Gorda restaurant situated atop a 300-year-old kapok tree; getting to it requires a scenic 70-step climb through massive boulders and indigenous vegetation. The food (Italian) and the views (spectacular) are well worth the trek. An equally unique setting can be found at **Old Stone Farmhouse** in St. Thomas. Built on a centuries-old sugar plantation, the restaurant's two-foot-thick stone walls and dim lighting set the tone for the food—dishes like Wagyu short ribs and peppercorn crusted tuna, which are as unfussy as they are delicious. Other St. Thomas standouts include the Latin American-focused **Havana Blue** and the Ritz-Carlton's **Bleuwater**, where you should order the lobster mac and cheese. But ask any local what the best restaurant in the area is, and they might tell you about **Thirteen**. Or they might not. It's the kind of place that regulars like to keep under wraps, since reservations are hard to come by no matter what time of year you go—and the restaurant doesn't even have a website. Thirteen's eclectic dinner menu is full of mouthwatering fare, but the dish people talk about most is actually dessert: a bacon



A table set for a feast at Necker; below, Brooklyn Decker takes a midnight swim.



brownie with spiced chocolate ganache, pretzels, crispy smoked bacon, and vanilla ice cream.

As far as local experiences go, one of the most immersive happens at **Wali Nikiti** on Scrub Island in the BVI. The 4,200-square-foot house is owned by chef Davide Pugliese, a native of Florence, and his Australian wife, Cele, who've called the British Virgin Islands home for more than 20 years. When they sold their famed Tortola-based restaurant several years ago, loyal customers began asking the chef to cater private

dinners. He agreed, and now the couple invites visitors to their home for a "culinary retreat," where Pugliese works with guests to create a customized four-course menu. He's done everything from surf and turf to molecular gastronomy, but no matter the cuisine, nearly every client requests his fresh pasta (he's known for a deconstructed ravioli with local pumpkin and sage). Should you decide to take matters into your own hands, Pugliese recently started offering private cooking classes at his home.

VIRGIN  ISLANDS

PORT AUTHORITY

The ultimate toys for island hopping in style, by sea, land, or air.





The Baltic 115' Nikata.



The Baltic 115' Nikata

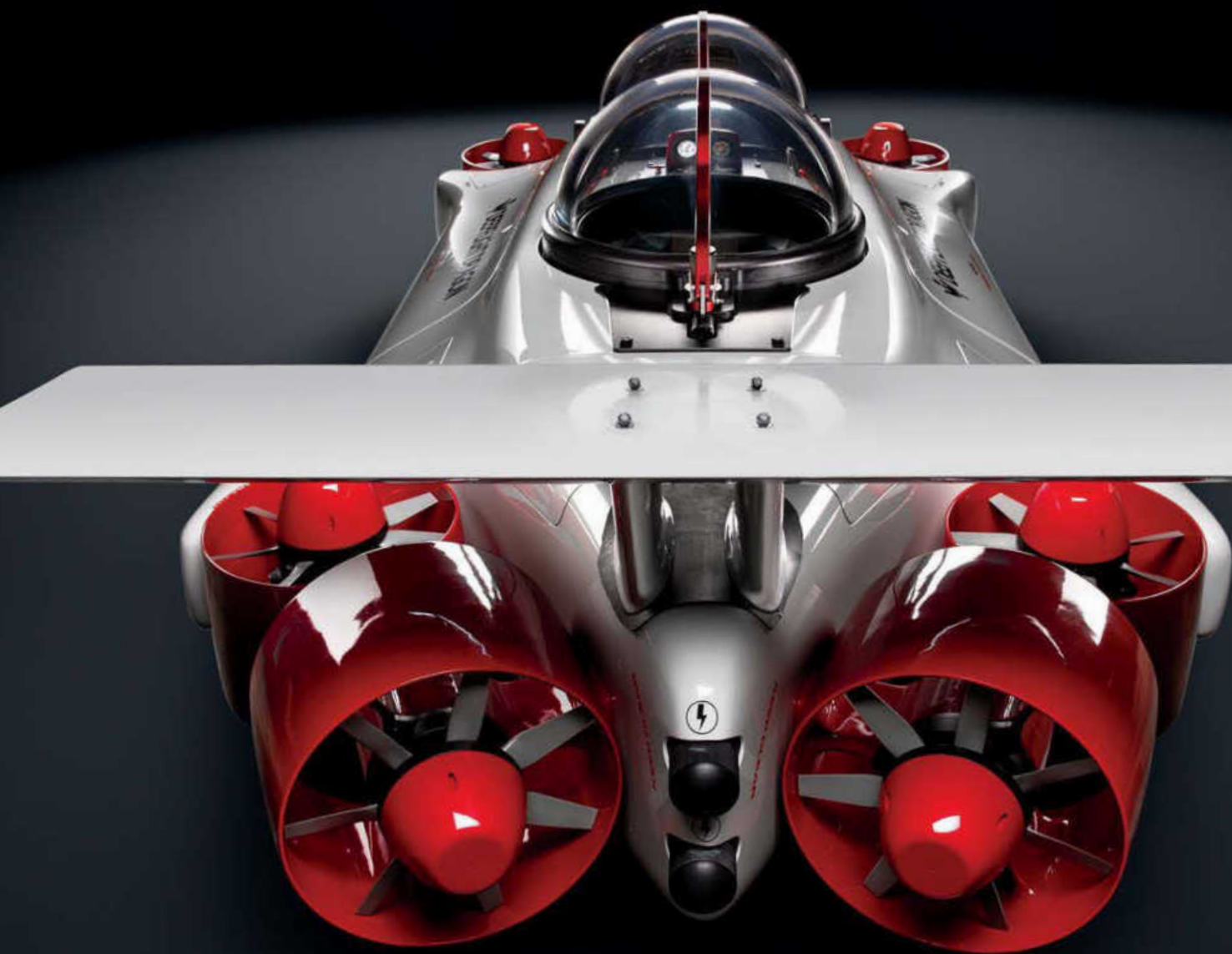
The newly launched Baltic 115' Nikata is a silver-hulled speed demon built for serious yacht racing, but the latest high-tech collaboration between Italian firm Nauta Design and Finnish shipbuilder Baltic Yachts also has the kind of luxuries you only find on much girther pleasure cruisers. Fitted out for comfort in oak, teak, and soft linens, with a huge central skylight, the Nikata can sleep eight in four spacious cabins, with more rooms for crew. And major engineering went into reducing noise and vibration, resulting in one of the quietest and silkiest rides on the ocean. An all-carbon hull makes her extremely light but also stiff enough to withstand the pressures of regatta competition. Her top speed of nearly 29 knots will be on full display when she debuts at the Royal Ocean Racing Club's Caribbean 600 this month, a 600-mile wind sprint around the islands.

PREVIOUS SPREAD AND THIS PAGE: COURTESY BALTIC NIKATA. OPPOSITE PAGE: COURTESY EVO YACHTS



The Evo 43

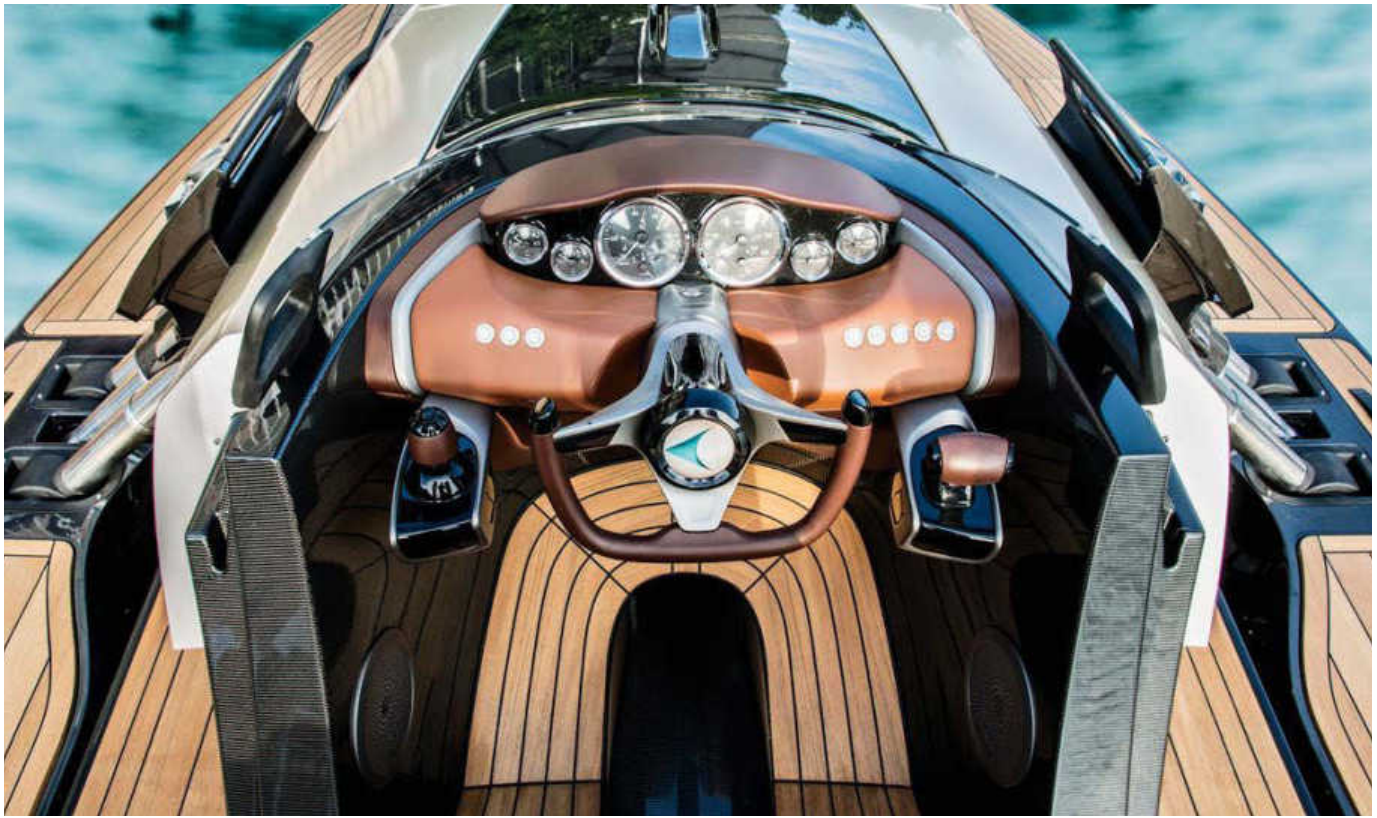
If Megatron had a sexy Italian mistress, she might look something a little like the Evo 43. With the push of a button, this speed cruiser's hull transforms into a 270-square-foot deck and diving platform. Drop anchor and in less than 60 seconds, she's business in the front, party in the back, with an outdoor galley for BBQ-ing and modular seats. But don't let the lounge act fool you: Back in all-business mode, her sleek, minimalist lines are a model of nautical perfection and fluid dynamics, and she has a pair of ferocious twin Volvo Penta engines that top out at 38 knots.



The DeepFlight Dragon

Designed to fit conveniently on your superyacht, the all-electric Dragon is the smallest, lightest personal submarine in the world. The \$1.5 million two-seater has six rotating engine pods that allow users with very little training to pilot the craft like a quadcopter, hovering alongside underwater wrecks and gliding around with ease. It's also the only personal sub that has enough

power to rely solely on vertical thrust to dive, eliminating the complexity of ballast systems and allowing for fixed positive buoyancy—meaning it will always float to the surface if it loses power. With a maximum depth of 400 feet and advanced batteries that let you explore for up to six hours, you might just discover enough lost gold bullion down there to pay for it.



The Kormaran

If there's an action-fantasy sweet spot between a supercar and a luxury yacht, the Kormaran seems to have found it. An entirely new class of boat, it's the most exciting thing to happen on the water in a generation. Combining Formula 1 technology with 600-horsepower jets, the carbon-fiber-and-titanium hydrofoil is so fast at full throttle that it actually flies above the water, reaching

speeds of 38 knots. But the Kormaran's truly game-changing innovation is its ability to transform hydraulically into completely different vessels. With the press of a button, it can shape-shift from a party-cruising sun deck to a monohull speedboat, twin-hulled catamaran, or ocean-steady trimaran. It costs \$1 million to \$2 million.



OPPOSITE PAGE: COURTESY DEEPFLIGHT DRAGON. THIS PAGE: COURTESY KORMARAN



The Recon Prerunner

Calling this \$250,000 sand racer from Brenthel Racecars a dune buggy is a bit like confusing War Emblem with a Shetland pony. Modeled after military border patrol vehicles, the 650-horsepower, all-terrain monster is about the coolest four-wheeler that exists for a joyride on the beach, but as company cofounder Jonathan Brenthel puts it, "It will go through pretty much anything you can imagine." The Prerunner is regularly put through its paces at the world's most punishing off-road racing events, including the legendary Dakar Rally in Africa and the Baja 1000.



The EHang 184 AAV

Driverless cars might be transformative, but this fully autonomous aerial vehicle from EHang is truly revolutionary. Controlled entirely through a smartphone app, the low-altitude personal helicopter can fly you from St. Croix to Tortola with a few taps of your finger, no pilot's license necessary. (After entering a flight plan, passengers have only two commands: "Take off" and "Land.") With eight electric propeller engines, the life-size drone can ferry a 220-pound human from point A to point B at a cruising speed of 62 mph, and multiple failsafe systems ensure the aircraft will either hover or safely land immediately if any problems are detected. It can also fold up into the space of a single parking spot. Units are expected to be available by the end of the year at a price of \$200,000 to \$300,000.

The Mazokist

Every yacht needs a tender, and the Mazokist is the tenderest of them all. Developed by the Serbian shipyard Art of Kinetik, the 30-foot day cruiser reaches a speed of 46 knots, with modernist styling inspired by gentlemen's crafts of the 1920s. Details include a bespoke steering wheel, innovative cockpit table, large sunbed, and a custom hydraulic swimming platform and ladder that doubles as a gangway.



OPPOSITE PAGE, FROM TOP: COURTESY BRENTHEL RACECARS; COURTESY EHANG.
THIS PAGE: COURTESY ART OF KINETIK

MASTER *of the* UNIVERSE

Driven by an insatiable appetite for adventure, Sir Richard Branson has made billions defying the odds. Now the visionary entrepreneur is setting out to conquer the greatest frontier of all.

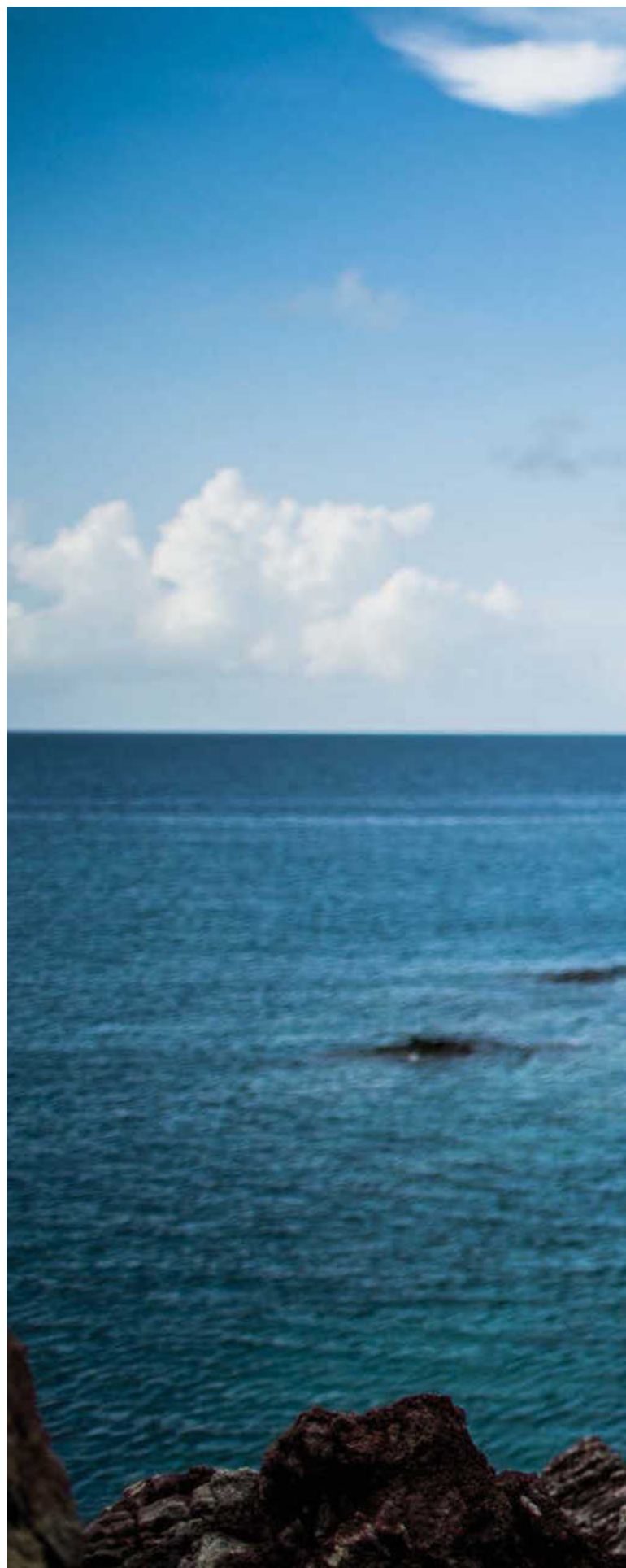
Richard Branson has lived his life according to a simple motto: *Screw it, let's do it* (his words). Since leaving school at the age of 16 to start his first business, the founder of the Virgin Group has driven a tank down Fifth Avenue, crossed the English Channel in an amphibious car, taken a 407-foot jump off the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas, and traveled from Morocco to Hawaii in a hot-air balloon. He's started more than 100 different companies, including a major record label and two high-profile airlines, and made a career of challenging corporate giants. He's a master show-

man in the P.T. Barnum vein, adept at catching the public's eye with clever publicity stunts (thus the tank and the leap off the casino roof), and he's been brilliant at understanding what consumers want and delivering it to them. He's also been brilliant at fashioning a winning public image—fearless, irreverent, more interested in fun than profit—which over the years has become one of Virgin's major assets and turned him into one of the greatest business impresarios in history. Yet despite all the success, which has driven his personal net worth north of \$5 billion, he's remained permanently restless. An archetypal entrepreneur, Branson has never stopped looking for the next big idea. He believes he's found it in Virgin Galactic, a company that wants to put ordinary people into space. And he's done it all, as he says, while working from a hammock on the private island in the Caribbean where he lives.

Branson's entrepreneurial zeal was there from the start. When he was growing up in London, his mother was a small-businesswoman in her own right, doing things like making waste-bin covers that she sold to Harrods. "I was always fascinated by my mother's moneymaking projects," Branson says today. "If an item didn't sell, she tried something else. She always taught me never to look back in regret, but to move on to the next thing." And she pushed Branson to rely on his own devices to get ahead. When he was just a little boy, for instance, she once stopped the car when they were returning to the family house and told him to get out and find his way home. That kind of pressure might have crushed some kids. Branson seems to have flourished—even as a child, he tried various business schemes, like growing Christmas trees and selling birds.

Those schemes, as Branson's mother once put it, almost all ended up "in some form of disaster, with us picking up the pieces." But in what would become the defining pattern of his business life, failure didn't diminish his appetite for new ventures. While he was still in high school, he started a magazine called *Student* with a friend; at 16, he actually dropped out of school to try to turn it into a full-time business, running the magazine at first out of a crypt in a vicar's basement, of all places. *Student* was an unusual combination of literature, music, and politics, and Branson managed to somehow publish writers like Jean-Paul Sartre while finagling interviews with people like John Lennon and Vanessa Redgrave.

Text by JAMES SUROWIECKI





*Sir Richard Branson on Necker Island,
his 74-acre private retreat in the Caribbean.*



**“WHETHER THE CHALLENGES ARE PHYSICAL OR FINANCIAL, FUN
HAS FOR ME ALWAYS BEEN INEXTRICABLY LINKED WITH
TAKING RISKS, AND SOMETIMES PERHAPS SOME PRETTY INSANE ONES.”**



That was heady company for a teenager, but *Student* was a struggle to keep afloat, and Branson soon branched out into the record-selling business. He started by offering cut-price records via mail order, something apparently few had done before. Then he and his partner opened a store of their own, which they called Virgin Records, designing it to be as much a community center as a retail shop. They put in a coffee bar and beanbags, and actively encouraged people to come and hang out—in much the way that stores like Barnes & Noble would decades later. “There was no master plan,” Branson says. “We just enjoyed what we did and made sure we had enough to pay the bills each month.”

When Branson left school, his headmaster had said, “I predict you will either end up in prison or a millionaire.” Prescient words: Before he became a millionaire, Branson nearly did end up in prison. At the time, record sales in Britain were taxed at a high rate, and Branson hit on what he thought was a clever way to evade those taxes. Instead, he was caught and tossed in jail, and was only able to avert getting sent away when his parents put up their house as collateral and he agreed to repay 60,000 pounds.

That experience, as Branson describes it, made him more conscious of minding the law. But it didn’t make him any more cautious. He soon ex-

panded the record store into a record label under the same name. He bought a big house in the countryside, which he dubbed the Manor, where he built a recording studio. And in 1973, Virgin Records took off, thanks largely to Mike Oldfield’s eerie instrumental album *Tubular Bells* (which is probably best known in the U.S. as the soundtrack to *The Exorcist*). *Tubular Bells* became an immense hit, ultimately selling 17 million copies and giving Virgin financial security. In the years that followed, Virgin became the biggest independent label in the U.K. It signed the Sex Pistols after they were dropped by A&M, and developed a deep roster of punk and post-punk bands. It started an influential reggae imprint and had a stable of mainstream stars, including Culture Club, Genesis, and Simple Minds.

Branson’s flair for promotional stunts, which would become a signature, was on display right from the beginning. The most famous of these came during the Queen’s Silver Jubilee in 1977. The Sex Pistols’ “God Save the Queen” had been banned by the BBC, so Branson put the band on a boat and sailed it down the Thames, creating the spectacle of the Pistols blasting “Anarchy in the U.K.” while outside of Parliament. (The show was eventually shut down by the police.) Virgin also became legendary for throwing massive parties at the Manor.



Above: Branson on his 105-foot catamaran, Necker Belle. Below, from left: Branson with Margaret Thatcher after completing the fastest-ever Atlantic crossing by speedboat in 1986; Branson with Mick Jagger in 1969; boating with friends in 1986; Virgin Atlantic’s first flight, in 1984.



But the success of Virgin Records wasn't enough for Branson. So he set about starting a host of new ventures. Some of them, like a film and entertainment company, were theoretically connected to Virgin's original business; others seemed to have nothing at all to do with it. Then in 1983, Branson made the move that would prove to be the crucial moment in his career—he decided to start Virgin Atlantic, a transatlantic airline.

This was, most people thought at the time, a “lunatic venture.” As Branson himself has said, his knowledge of the airline business “hovered right around the zero mark.” The industry was then, as it is now, dominated by big, incumbent international players who controlled landing slots at the major airports and had considerable political clout. The airline business itself is a notoriously difficult one, since airlines are subject to the price of fuel, the whims of travelers, bad weather, and so on. And historically, it's been hard for airlines to differentiate themselves from competitors, leaving them vulnerable to price wars. The history of the business, not surprisingly, was littered with airlines that had gone bankrupt and upstarts that had barely managed to get off the ground.

And as Branson tells it, Virgin Atlantic very nearly didn't, thanks to some high drama when it launched with a single plane. “Despite careful planning, we were almost sunk after our first trip when a bird flew into the engine and we had to use our reserves to buy a new plane,” he recalls. “I had the bank manager on my doorstep on the Friday evening, saying he would foreclose on the whole Virgin Group that Monday. I pushed him out of my house and told him he wasn't welcome. Then in half-anger, half-fear, I spent the weekend asking people to chip in. The next week I changed banks.”

This page, from top: Branson and Steve Fossett attempt to break the transatlantic speed record in a catamaran; the Virgin Atlantic Flyer preps for takeoff in 1987.

So why did Branson do it? Some of it, surely, was just his appetite for long odds—he never seems happier than when trying something that everyone else believes will fail. (“It was a big leap,” he admits.) But there was also something that he saw, an opportunity others had missed: The experience of flying commercial airlines was, for the most part, fairly unpleasant. Virgin didn't want to compete on price alone, since that was a recipe for a race to the bottom. Branson's thought was that if you could provide better, and more distinctive, service and still keep prices reasonable, there was a chance to steal market share from the big players. As Branson says, “We took the same customer-focused approach we had with our music businesses and added all kinds of little service extras.” And so Virgin offered its first-class passengers complimentary limo service. It built the first real high-end airline lounges and offered the first video players. It even became the first airline to scrap those weird gray rubber headphone tubes and offer customers cheap portable headphones instead.

On top of this, the airline industry was tailor-made for Virgin's David-vs.-Goliath approach. It was an industry dominated by big, established players, and in Britain, by one huge player: British Airways. Branson built Virgin on irreverence and tweaking the powers that be, and stuffy, old-fashioned British Airways was an easy target for tweaking. It was really with Virgin Atlantic that Branson's true genius for branding emerged—he understood that an anti-corporate image could, paradoxically, make you a lot of money. Virgin's irreverence wasn't just a strategy; it was also an expression of Branson's own personality, and it paid dividends. Virgin earned reams of free publicity thanks to its campy stunts and clever advertising. On the eve of Virgin's first flight from Heathrow, for instance, Branson posed for photographs dressed as a pirate (complete with stuffed parrot) in front of the huge model of BA's Concorde that stood at the entrance to the airport, while workmen draped a Virgin logo over the BA insignia on the plane's tail fin. Virgin also became a master of cheeky ads, often designed to needle British Airways, conveying the message that Virgin was more fun and less uptight than its competitors. When the U.S. Justice Department extradited Panama strongman Manuel Noriega for trial on drug charges, Virgin ran an ad with a big picture of Noriega and the caption, “Only one person has flown to Miami cheaper than on Virgin Atlantic!”

On the face of it, Virgin's move into the airline business made little sense. But there was, if you looked closely enough, a logic to what Branson was trying to do. Virgin's companies tended to deal directly with consumers, and its successful ventures were typically in businesses where the customer experience was lacking: too complicated, too expensive for the value delivered, and too unstylish. Virgin, it turned out, had what management theorists called a “core competency,” and that was improving the customer experience. And when Virgin has succeeded, that's precisely what it's done.

Still, while clever promotions and friendly service can get you a lot, they can't make up for everything. And while Virgin Atlantic was a success in its early days, by the early 1990s it was struggling to stay afloat. Fuel prices were rising, travel was down across the industry, and the company found itself at serious risk of going broke. Branson would later say that this was the one time in his career when he felt “totally lost.” To save the airline, he gave up the record company, selling Virgin Records to Thorn-EMI.

You might have thought that this near brush with death would have tempered Branson's appetite for risk. Instead, it just emboldened him, and over the next decade Virgin started dozens of new companies. There were some real hits, like Virgin Mobile (which eventually became Virgin Media) and Virgin Trains. And while there were also plenty of misses (Virgin Brides, Virgin Vodka, Virgin Cosmetics, and Virgin Cars, an online auto retailer), Branson knew going in that some



Opposite page: Branson kitesurfing with model Denni Parkinson off Necker Island.



of his gambles wouldn't pay off. His willingness to fail, in that sense, was a crucial part of his success.

Virgin is often held up as a testament to the power of branding—just attach the Virgin name to a new business and watch the money roll in. In fact, Branson's new businesses have succeeded when they offered real value for the money and had something—better service, sharper design, an easier customer experience—that their competitors didn't. The best Virgin companies have inspired not just satisfaction but devotion among their customers. Virgin America, his U.S.-based airline, for instance, leapt to the top of consumer surveys almost as soon as it debuted. When that component was missing, however, even the splashiest marketing couldn't make up the difference. For the debut of Virgin Cola, Branson rather amazingly drove a tank through a wall of Coke cans in Times Square. But Virgin Cola couldn't break through, and within three years it was off the shelves. Today, Branson says: "Declaring a soft drink war on Coke was madness. I consider

our cola venture to be one of the biggest mistakes we ever made." Then he adds something telling: "But I still wouldn't change a thing."

And that's what makes Branson so unusual. Businesspeople talk all the time about how important it is to take risks, but in the end, few of them are truly comfortable with the possibility that things might not work out. Branson seems to genuinely embrace it, and that's allowed him to do more—and risk more—than most.

That insatiable urge to tempt fate isn't only true of Branson's business life. In the late 1980s, after Branson had helped set a record for the fastest crossing of the Atlantic via powerboat, a famous balloonist named Per Lindstrand asked him to try to cross the same ocean in a hot-air balloon. As Branson put it, "I had never been in a balloon before. No one had ever flown that far in a balloon before. It was mad. It was too risky." Of course he went. The trip ended with Lindstrand and Branson being rescued from the icy sea off the coast of Scotland, after first Lindstrand and then Branson had leapt from the balloon into the ocean because they missed the beach where they had intended to land. Branson's verdict on the trip: "It was an amazing experience." And, in fact, a few years later he and Lindstrand decided to try to cross the Pacific in a balloon, a venture that again nearly ended in complete disaster.

Foolhardy as these "public attempts at self-destruction" (as Branson has called them) may seem to some, there's also something inspiring about Branson's willingness to throw caution to the wind—

literally, in the case of his balloon trips. And while it's true that there was often a Virgin logo plastered somewhere, it's clear he wasn't doing all this stuff just as a marketing ploy. He was doing it because he liked it. As he puts it, "Whether the challenges are physical or financial—or sometimes both—fun, a.k.a. excitement, has for me always been inextricably linked with taking risks, and sometimes perhaps some pretty insane ones."

This wide-ranging need to push limits makes Branson unusual even among entrepreneurs. In fact, studies of entrepreneurs suggest that most are not actually risk-seeking in their non-business lives. They're just way too optimistic about the likelihood that their businesses will succeed. In other words, they're willing to gamble on an uncertain future because they don't really understand how unlikely business success is. Branson, by contrast, is both exceedingly optimistic and exceedingly comfortable with risks of all kinds.

In that respect, it's unsurprising that his most important recent project is risky in both a business and a literal sense. That project is Virgin Galactic, a venture whose goal, in Branson's words, is "democratizing access to space." The company, which was founded in 2004, has promised to build a small, two-pilot, six-passenger ship that can launch from a base in New Mexico, fly up more than 200,000 feet, leaving Earth's atmosphere, and then glide before returning to Earth. The prospect of this is alluring enough that 700 people have put down deposits on future flights, at a reputed cost of \$250,000 apiece.

As a business, the stakes involved in space travel are as serious as they get. In the fall of 2014, the company's SpaceShipTwo broke apart and crashed on a test flight, killing one of the two pilots. And though the National Transportation Safety Board concluded the accident was the result of the copilot's error, it was nonetheless a major setback for the company, and there was speculation at the time that it would simply shut down. Instead, against the odds yet again, Branson regrouped, and the new SpaceShipTwo is now scheduled for test flights later this year. Branson is saying that consumers will be in space before the end of the decade.

That may well be a crazy bet. But Branson has made his fortune on crazy bets. And with Virgin Galactic, he's actually going further than he has before. Instead of just shaking up an entrenched industry, he's attempting to create an entirely new one. This is, in a way, what his entire career has been building toward: a genuinely audacious project that pushes against the boundaries of what people think is possible. In economic terms, Virgin Galactic may not be purely rational. But that actually makes the project all the more valuable. What an economy needs are precisely those people who are willing to take gambles that a more prudent analysis would counsel against. We live in a time when big corporations are sitting on huge cash hoards, because they can't find any investments they think are worth the risk. And while that may be smart for them, it's bad for the rest of us, since it means all that money isn't being put to work. Branson, by contrast, has the attitude of a true entrepreneur: "Money is for making things happen." And make things happen he has.



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Left, from top: Virgin Cola launches in Times Square; descending from the Virgin Megastore in Paris; at JFK with Pamela Anderson; with Virgin Racing's Formula E car. Above, from top: Branson with Miami Dolphins cheerleaders; with Prince Harry in London.



Branson celebrates Virgin Atlantic's new route from London to Sydney, Australia, in 2004.

A full-body portrait of Stephen Curry standing against a dark, textured wall. He is wearing a dark blue suit jacket over a blue patterned button-down shirt. He is smiling and holding an orange basketball in his right hand. The basketball has "SPALDING" and "Adrian Peterson" visible on it.

THE NEW GUARD

Stephen Curry is basketball's biggest hope.

Text by BEN McGRATH

Curry's 2015 NBA All-Star portrait.

Here is a personal sportswriting philosophy, which works pretty well in life itself: Think first of your wife or your girlfriend, if not your mother. What would it take to make her care about, say, the starting point guard for the Golden State Warriors? (Apologies to the women out there who already know Stephen Curry's pregame rituals—the double-handed Globetrotter routine, the balls airmailed from the tunnel—by heart.) You might start, as I have, with the press conferences last May, during the playoffs, when he not only cheerfully propped his then two-year-old daughter, Riley, on his lap, but allowed her to speak for all of us who have ever found postgame jock talk tedious. ("Be quiet, Daddy. Be quiet!") Next, something more recent: Warriors-Cavs, a rematch of last year's finals, in mid-January. It's late in the first quarter, and there's LeBron James, all headband and elbow sleeve, towering over our man and shoving him to the floor in frustration. Don't feel bad for Dad. Notice the scoreboard: Golden State is already up by a dozen. Now rewind 15 or 20 seconds and you'll see what has the King so frustrated. Our Warrior hero casually bounces the ball through center court. He takes a couple of quick steps to the left—and then suddenly, disrespecting the three-point line and before a defender can engage him, he chucks it toward the hoop from at least 30 feet out. Swish. His specialty is lobbing bombs—sometimes from farther out still, sometimes without bothering to watch them fall—almost as if on a dare. Until Steph Curry came along, you would have called a person who exhibits such behavior uncoach-able. Now you call him the best basketball player in the world.

Curry, last season's MVP, is like a walking, dribbling thought experiment: What if a merely tall guy (he is 6'3") became so good at shooting the ball from virtually anywhere on the court that almost nothing else mattered? As of this writing, the Warriors are on pace to finish with the best regular-season record in the history of the NBA. Yet when Curry is resting, they are no better than the Nets. He is a gaudy ball-handler, to be sure, but not especially known for his distribution or his defense. The drone strikes are the thing. And only deference to tradition, it would seem, is keeping him from firing away more liberally and exposing the three-point rule as the sham traditionalists once feared. Why award a third point to a man for preferring to shoot without the encumbrance of sweaty palms up in his grill? For four years running, he has led the league in three-point attempts. Given the current incentive structure, it's a wonder Warriors games haven't devolved into exhibitions of H.O.R.S.E. No need to approach the rim unless you're feeling frisky.

Like LeBron, Curry was born in Akron, Ohio, though his background is comfortably suburban. His father, Dell, logged 16 years in the league,

many of them in Charlotte, North Carolina, where Steph attended high school. Unlike LeBron, Curry has the virtue of relatability, as the branding experts never tire of pointing out. In an era of seven-foot Latvians and flying felines like Kevin Durant, Steph is relatively earthbound. His ability to dunk, like that of your humble-bragging roommate, is a subject of some debate. He went to Davidson, not Duke. He didn't make his first All-Star game until he was 25. Now 27 and ascendant, he is perhaps the first reigning hoops sovereign since Bob Cousy who could survive a coach-class flight (well, preferably in an exit row) without suffering knee cramps. Granted, calling Curry "the patron saint of the underdog," as Under Armour does, requires ignoring his relative privilege as well as his royal genes (his brother, Seth, plays too, for Sacramento). He represents a middle-class marketing dream, wherein you can imagine that practicing buzzer-beaters in the driveway from behind the station wagon is the equivalent of working on your knuckleball—an everyman's gimmick that might just lead to stardom.

What's more, Curry offers hope for reconciling the two most significant developments in modern-day sports: analytics and GIFs. The increasingly ubiquitous advanced stats, which often favor the mundane and even the unseen, have sometimes seemed a drag in such a dynamic game. It's one thing to confront the obvious: Kobe, stop shooting! But it's a little dispiriting to reckon with the enlightened notion that all those Iverson cross-overs—instant clickbait, before its time—amounted to wasted effort, more or less. With Steph, however, the numbers actually recommend expanding his outlandish repertoire, and the highlight reel has become an unlikely efficiency tutorial. Before Babe Ruth, remember, swinging for the fences was thought to be a counterproductive act of hubris. Now it's the default. At this rate, maybe Curry pulling up from half-court will end up becoming an era-defining image, like Ruth calling his shot. More airmail, please! Maybe it's not too late to resurrect hero ball.

Speaking of GIFs, let's return to that January rematch between the Warriors and the Cavaliers for one last look. We're in the second quarter now, and the Warriors' lead has nearly doubled, to 23. LeBron, having ditched the headband, is posting up on the block, menace personified. Then, as he spreads his wings, a palm comes up from behind and underneath, smacking the ball free. His head snaps across, like a jolted boxer's, as he tries to regain control, but it's too late. Slowing it down, you see the moment of recognition—No, not him!—as James identifies his pickpocket: Curry, flashing a little D to go with the razzle-dazzle. A trace of despair washes over LeBron's face, and then resignation. Dethroned. Curry takes it all the way down for an easy layup.

i assets

1: NUMBER OF YEARS LEFT ON CURRY'S CONTRACT WITH THE GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS

9: NUMBER OF YEARS LEFT ON CURRY'S ENDORSEMENT CONTRACT WITH UNDER ARMOUR (ENDS 2024)

\$3 MILLION ANNUALLY PLUS EQUITY: AMOUNT PAID TO CURRY BY UNDER ARMOUR

754%: INCREASE IN UA FOOTWEAR SALES FOLLOWING THE RELEASE OF THE CURRY ONE SNEAKER

\$100: RETAIL VALUE OF CURRY'S SIGNATURE BLUETOOTH EARBUDS FOR JBL

\$44 MILLION: TOTAL WORTH OF CURRY'S GSW CONTRACT

\$11 MILLION: AVERAGE SALARY OVER FOUR YEARS

\$32.6 MILLION: CAREER EARNINGS

#1: CURRY'S MERCHANDISE SALES RANKING AMONG ALL NBA PLAYERS THIS SEASON

581%: INCREASE IN CURRY JERSEY SALES HEADING INTO THE 2015-16 SEASON

\$3.2 MILLION: AMOUNT PAID FOR HIS WALNUT CREEK, CA, MANSION

7,900 SQ. FT.: SQUARE FOOTAGE OF HIS NEW HOME

STEPHEN
CURRY

i court stats

CURRENTLY NUMBER ONE POINTS PER GAME SCORER (AVG. 30) IN THE NBA FOR 2015-16

CURRENTLY ON PACE FOR 418 THREE-POINTERS MADE THIS SEASON (2015-16), WHICH WOULD BEAT HIS OWN RECORD BY 132 MAKES

SET AN NBA SINGLE-SEASON RECORD WITH 272 THREE-POINTERS IN 2012-13

IN THE 2014-2015 SEASON, HE BROKE HIS OWN NBA RECORD WITH 286 MADE THREE-POINTERS

FIRST PLAYER SINCE RAY ALLEN (2001-02 AND 2002-03) TO LEAD THE LEAGUE IN THREES IN BACK-TO-BACK SEASONS

IS THE FIRST PLAYER IN NBA HISTORY TO HIT 250 THREES IN BACK-TO-BACK SEASONS

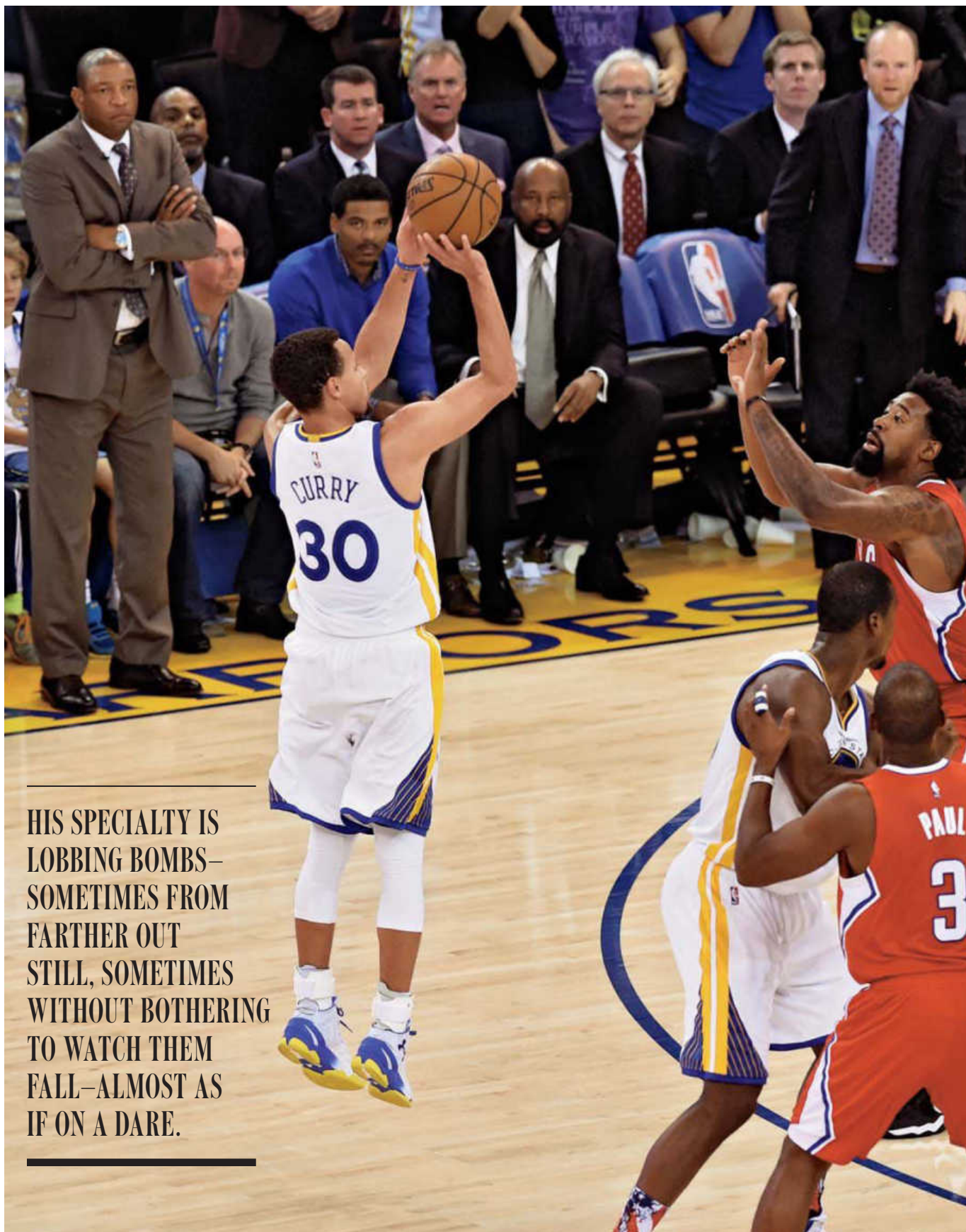
IS THE FIRST PLAYER IN NBA HISTORY TO POST A 30/15 GAME IN FEWER THAN 30 MINUTES

BECAME THE ONLY PLAYER IN NBA HISTORY TO HIT 250 THREE-POINTERS AND DISH OUT 500 ASSISTS IN A SINGLE SEASON, AND THE ONLY PLAYER TO AVERAGE AT LEAST 3 THREES AND 6 ASSISTS PER GAME

NBA'S MOST VALUABLE PLAYER (2014-15 SEASON)

THE FIRST PLAYER IN NBA HISTORY TO SCORE 45 POINTS ON A NIGHT IN WHICH HE TOOK 25 SHOTS OR FEWER AND FIVE OR FEWER FREE THROWS

CURRY IS CLEARING 30 POINTS ON FEWER THAN 21 SHOTS, SOMETHING THAT HAS ONLY BEEN DONE BY ADRIAN DANTLEY, KEVIN DURANT, AND KARL MALONE—NONE OF WHOM ARE POINT GUARDS



HIS SPECIALTY IS LOBBING BOMBS—SOMETIMES FROM FARTHER OUT STILL, SOMETIMES WITHOUT BOTHERING TO WATCH THEM FALL—ALMOST AS IF ON A DARE.

Curry makes light work of Los Angeles Clippers center DeAndre Jordan.

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CABIN FEVER

Virginia Gardner is about to take off.

Stop Virginia Gardner at your own peril. No longer the teenage girl who got her start in Hollywood at age 16 playing wholesome characters in TV shows like *Glee*, *Hart of Dixie*, and *The Goldbergs*, Gardner, now 20, is all grown up, with a career that's gaining major momentum. Her movie debut in the Michael Bay-produced 2015 time-travel thriller *Project Almanac* will soon be followed by back-to-back leading roles in three more films: the psychological thriller *Tell Me How I Die*, a teen comedy called *Little Bitches*, and the indie drama *Goat*, which deals with the brutality of fraternity hazing.

Given all the controversy surrounding fraternities and hazing rituals, what was it like being in *Goat*? Do you have any observations about that aspect of male culture? I never went to college, and I don't know much about fraternities other than what I've read and seen on the news. One article related hazing to Darwin's theory about survival of the fittest—in order to succeed and fit in, people feel the need to assert dominance, and become overly aggressive. I think there's probably a lot of pressure on guys, especially now with social media, to be hyper-masculine.

What kind of work do you want to do in the future? You've been written about as a possible blockbuster sex symbol in the making. Do you want to play action roles? I just did this psychological thriller, *Tell Me How I Die*, where I got to be really strong and do my first fight scene, which was really fun. I enjoy doing movies where I get to be physical. I got my black belt in tae kwon do when I was really young, so I love doing anything where I get to be active. Playing a superhero would be a dream.

What kind of superhero would you like to be? Look, costume, powers? I've always loved Catwoman's costume. I don't know if it gets more badass than that, or sexier. It would also be cool to try a female version of Iron Man.



Do you train a lot? How often do you train? I box all the time. I like to hit things and get out all my aggression and feel really strong when I leave. I don't look like the strongest person, and quite honestly I'm a klutz, but I leave boxing and feel like I can kick ass. Whether or not you look like you can kick ass, if you feel like you can kick ass, you probably can.

You left Sacramento and moved to L.A. when you were 16 to start your career. People are so taken aback when I tell them that, but it wasn't like I had free rein. I had a tracker on my phone. My parents checked in on me. I knew that if I screwed up I would be back home in four seconds flat. If anything, it made me independent and helped me grow up a little faster.

Did you feel vulnerable being an attractive young woman in Hollywood?

I had to grow into being assertive. When I was younger, I was the most quiet and shy little girl that you would ever meet. In high school I came into myself, and when guys started to be into me I got more confident and was like, "I'm the same girl you've known since I was nine, I just look a little more attractive now. Take me seriously." When you're a pretty blonde, it's hard to get the same respect, and I think sometimes you have to compensate by being more assertive and confident. Otherwise you're not going to be taken seriously.

Text by MEG O'ROURKE

Photographed by GILLES BENSIMON Styled by ISABEL DUPRÉ



This page: *Jeans and boots,*
DSQUARED2. *Sunglasses,* RAY-BAN.
Watch, ROLEX.
Opposite page: *Top,* NEW YORK
VINTAGE, INC. *Jeans,* DSQUARED2.
Bra, VICTORIA'S SECRET. *Watch,*
PANERAI. *Belt,* STYLIST'S OWN.

i **2013**
Peterbilt 389

➤ This truck is propelled by a 700-horsepower CAT diesel, driving through an 18-speed transmission.

➤ Its 326-inch wheelbase provides a smooth ride for the driver and leaves plenty of space behind the cab for a 63-inch sleeper berth.

\$135,000.



This page: *Jacket*, CHROME HEARTS.
Swimsuit, OH CHERI! *Shorts*, DSQUARED2.
Boots, CHROME HEARTS FRYE (SPECIAL ORDER). Opposite page: *Jacket*, GUESS.





*Jacket, GUESS.
Bra, VICTORIA'S SECRET.
Shorts, GUESS.*



*Overalls, DENIM & SUPPLY RALPH LAUREN.
Boots, CHROME HEARTS FRYE (SPECIAL ORDER).
Bracelets, CHROME HEARTS.*



i **2014**
Peterbilt 389

➤ This big rig is powered by enormous 12.9-liter inline six-cylinder turbodiesel engines made by Peterbilt's parent company, Paccar.

➤ The engine itself weighs more than a Mazda Miata, at 2,600 pounds. It produces 500 horsepower, but more significant for the purpose of pulling heavy trailers up hills, it cranks out a stupendous 1,850 lb.-ft. of torque. Redline on such a monster is a low 2,200 rpm.

➤ It has a 10-gallon supply of oil to keep it lubricated, which contributes to a design life of 1 million miles. That's just for the engine, not the truck, which will go many times that after engine rebuilds. \$164,500.



*Bra top, NEW YORK VINTAGE, INC.
Jeans, DSQUARED2. Bracelets, CHROME HEARTS.
Makeup, Quinn Murphy for Dior at the Wall Group.
Hair, David Cox for Art Department using Kevin Murphy products.
Opposite page: Photograph by Roger Snider.
For more information, see page 96.*



Brilliant Disguise

From stage to screen, Michael Shannon has shown himself to be a man of many faces.

Since garnering an Oscar nomination for his role in 2008's *Revolutionary Road*, Michael Shannon has effortlessly navigated thoughtful indies like *Take Shelter* and *99 Homes*, the serious period drama of HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*, big-ticket Hollywood blockbusters (he plays supervillain General Zod in Zack Snyder's *Man of Steel*), and his first love—the stage. In addition to playing a father desperate to protect his supernatural son in Jeff Nichols' forthcoming sci-fi thriller, *Midnight Special*, Shannon will bring his signature intensity to the big screen multiple times this year—including a turn as “the King” himself in *Elvis & Nixon*—before facing off against Jessica Lange in the Broadway revival of Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*.

A lot of people might not know that you also play in a band (Corporal). Did you always do music as well as act?

I've been doing music since before I was acting. Honestly, music is my favorite thing, more than any of the other stuff. Music's what I love. I like acting, but I fantasize about—this probably makes me sound stupid and obnoxious—but I fantasize about not acting and devoting all my energy to the band. But I also know that it's kind of a scarlet letter to try to be an actor playing in a band. Everybody secretly thinks it's silly—or not even secretly. Blatantly.

I always think of you first and foremost as a theater actor. Is there something that the experience of being in front of a live audience provides you that acting in films does not?

The super-simple answer to that question is that onstage is where I feel the most like I'm actually alive. Everything that I'm doing—every single thing that I'm doing with every part of my being—is expression. In the life situ-

*Text by T. COLE RACHEL
Photographed by ALBERT WATSON*

ations we all deal with—professional situations, family situations, whatever—you're constantly monitoring yourself and trying to follow certain rules, or trying to accomplish things, trying to clean the toilet, whatever the hell you're trying to do. But when I'm onstage, I think, "I'm here. I'm really fucking here. Let's go."

I'm there to tell a story. To me, it's just where I feel the most alive. Even with film, you don't get that, because film is very clinical and technical and molecular—"Let's get this right today," you know? "Let's get this little square inch right today." But when you go out on the stage, it's like, "Whew," and you feel everybody paying attention to the same thing and trying to get as much out of it as they humanly can. That's a beautiful thing to me. You leave yourself—you literally forget who you are for a second, if it's good. It's like one of these sci-fi movies; you become the glowing orb or something. You're just sitting there witnessing something. Then the lights come back up and you're like, "Oh, I'm me."

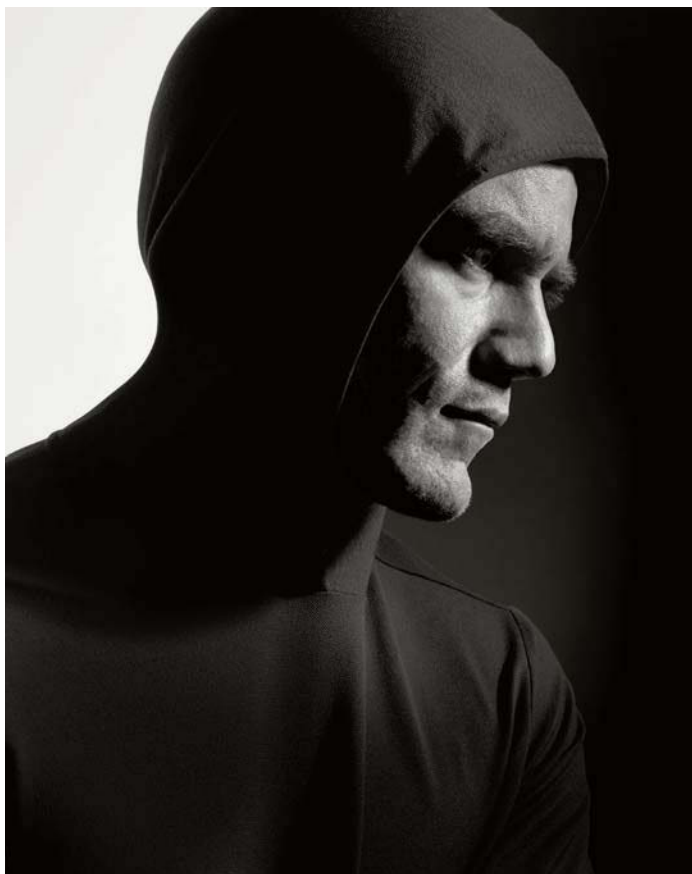
You've been fortunate enough to be involved in an insanely wide variety of projects—everything from theater to film to television. Do you have any dream projects? Or roles that you wish people would offer you that they don't? I can't say that I do, really. I don't have anything in my pocket that I'm like, "But what I really want to do is this." The projects that I really love to do are theater projects. With film, I ride the wave. I say, "Well, who's going to call me next? What've they got?" It's much more about the people. There are people I want to work with. I don't know what the story is, or who the character is, but I know I want to work with David Lynch. I want to work with Paul Thomas Anderson. Who wouldn't? But I don't have a specific dream part that I want to play, like Hamlet. I don't have that.

One thing I actually really enjoy doing in theater is revisiting material. Probably my favorite writer is Eugène Ionesco, and I've done a play of his, *The Killer*, twice, and I'd like to do it again. I'd like to do it every 15 years, just to keep doing it. That's how it used to be. In ancient Rome, an actor would play the same character their whole life.

That's a pretty fascinating proposition. You'd be able to see how much your life experience

changes the performance as you get older, what new things you'd bring to it each time.

Yeah, to me it's all about the ebb and flow of your subconscious. We're all like boats in the sea, picking up barnacles. The older you get, the more barnacles you get. The barnacles, if you're an actor and you're doing a play, are useful, because it's like, well, these are the experiences I've had since the last time I did it. Maybe the last time I did it, when I said this particular line, I had no idea what I was talking about, and now I'll have a better idea what this might mean.



Actors often get a bad rap among creatives as being terrible narcissists.

Yeah. That's the stereotype.

Most of the actors I'm friends with are actually empathetic people who spend their time trying to figure out how to be other people or how to understand them. Whereas a lot of my friends who are writers and artists spend their time...

Thinking about themselves? That's a very astute observation. I believe that acting is a service industry. That's why actors make good waiters. You're a servant. The best acting is invisible, it doesn't call attention to itself, you don't even know it's happening. As an actor, you are an aperture between things. Here's what the writer and the

director want the audience to see, and here's the audience. You are the portal. People aren't supposed to be sitting there thinking, "Wow, Bob's giving such a great performance right now."

Your name came up recently at a dinner party, and someone said, "Oh, he's a movie star...but he's also an actor." What do you make of that? That's funny. I feel that way about Paul Newman. I think Paul Newman was an incredible actor. I think he was as good as Brando or anybody else. He was also incredibly handsome. But I don't think Newman really gets the credit he deserves. He gave some mind-boggling performances. He's a perfect example of what I'm talking about. He's never begging for you to think he's great. All he's doing is telling the story. That's all he's fucking doing.

What drives me crazy are actors who make it about themselves. It's like what's more important is, "What's happening to me?" When actually, who cares? When somebody's doing surgery, nobody is standing around thinking, "What's the surgeon thinking right now?" Hopefully all the surgeon is thinking about is getting your appendix out.

People are always so desperate to make it in this industry, but for you it seems like things happened really organically. You worked very hard amassing this incredible body of work that eventually paid off.

People always ask me for advice. One of the things you've got to remember is, it's not just about how good you are at your job, but also that people have to want to be around you. If you're a fucking dick, nobody's going to want to be around you for 12 hours on a set.

How do you feel about, well, having to do stuff like this? Talking about yourself in interviews, dissecting what you do for a living?

It's something that you gradually understand. The first time anybody thinks it's worthwhile to interview you, it's very flattering. It's like, "Wow. Finally I can tell the world everything I think and feel!" Then that phase ends, and you're like, "Oh, this is a pain in the ass." The great, dirty, scary secret is that you don't actually have anything to say. People are asking me these questions, and I don't have anything to say. Then you get through that. For me, anyway, you get to a point where you're just trying to have a conversation. That's all I ever really want to do anyway. I just want to have a conversation.

Opposite page: Anorak, turtleneck sweater, and track pants, MICHAEL KORS. This page: Hoodie, THEORY.

For more information, see page 96.

Styling, N.A.P.
Grooming, Jordan Long for Exclusive
Artists Management using La Mer.

IMMORTAL COMBAT

America's greatest heroes are making the most twisted zombie film of all time.

Text by ADAM LINEHAN
Photographed by RENE GOMEZ

Hollywood types are fond of comparing the grueling undertaking of producing a blockbuster film to going to war. Spike Lee, Warren Beatty, Steven Spielberg, and Francis Ford Coppola have all reached for martial metaphors to describe their efforts, despite the fact that none have ever been in combat. Naturally, those who have tend to disagree. Among them are

first-time filmmakers Nick Palmisciano, Mat Best, and Jarred Taylor, who've all deployed to war zones but, until a week ago, never spent a single day on a movie set.

Now they're attempting to shoot their own feature in three weeks flat.

"The main difference is this: Hollywood is a whole lot of narcissists out for themselves, loosely held together by people who are good at controlling narcissists," says Palmisciano, a former U.S. Army infantry officer. "But when soldiers go to war, the primary mission is to take care of each other no matter how bad the situation is, and to get through it together. With that approach, we can do what Hollywood does. We can do anything. We're unstoppable."

It's a muggy Southern California morning in October, and Palmisciano, Best, and Taylor are studying line notes over a breakfast of scrambled eggs and coffee. Randy Newman's "I Love L.A." plays on repeat from Taylor's iPhone. The location is an abandoned college campus in Pomona, two hours east of Los Angeles, which has been transformed into a zombie-infested war zone—the setting for a raunchy, blood-splattered, politically incorrect apocalyptic comedy called *Range 15*. Directed by indie oddball Ross Patterson (*Helen Keller vs. Nightwolves*), it's the story of a group of war buddies who wake up in a drunk tank after a wild night of partying only to discover that the zombie apocalypse has begun and it's up to them to save the world.



From left: *Ranger Up* founder Nick Palmisciano, Jessie Wiseman, Danny Trejo, and Jack Mandaville.

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26.2 MILES OF GREATNESS



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Aside from a few big-name cameos, the actors aren't carrying SAG cards. Or not yet, anyway. Instead, they're combat veterans, many of them highly decorated. What LeBron James and Michael Jordan are to basketball, these guys are to waging war. They're the all-American heroes young soldiers aspire to be. Leroy Petry, a Medal of Honor recipient, plays himself in the film. So does Clinton Romesha, who also earned the Medal of Honor in Afghanistan. Along with Palmisciano, Best, and Taylor, they're joined by Marcus Luttrell (the retired Navy SEAL played by Mark Wahlberg in *Lone Survivor*) and Tim Kennedy, a former Green Beret who now fights in the UFC. Veterans account for about 90 percent of the cast and most of the crew, and together they represent the U.S. military's best and brightest.

But you wouldn't guess it from watching this scene. After breakfast, the actors make their way into a forested part of the campus, where they're slathered in fake blood and equipped for combat. Petry and Romesha are up first. Armed with matching M4 carbines, the two men take their places in a small clearing and begin scanning the vegetation like soldiers on patrol. "You good to go, Leroy?" Patterson asks. Petry, who is soft-spoken in a hard-boiled, Clint Eastwood kind of way, flashes a grin and nods. Nobody told him about this scene until a few days ago.

Patterson calls action, and a grenade soars through the air and lands between the soldiers with a thud. Petry lunges for it. So does Romesha. Two war heroes, one grenade—that's the setup for an elaborate and highly irreverent joke that military insiders will find amusing and few, if any, civilians will even register. Bickering ensues as each man insists on being the one who risks his life for the other. By the time Petry shoves Romesha out of the way and scoops up the grenade, it's too late. The pyro explodes, and Petry's left hand is quickly replaced by a blood-spewing prosthetic nub.

Here's the funny part, or maybe it's not funny at all: The scene is actually a satirical reenactment of a 2008 incident in eastern Afghanistan, when Petry grabbed an enemy grenade and tossed it away, saving the lives of his fellow Rangers and sacrificing his right hand in the bargain. "I sat up and I grabbed [the stump]," he told a U.S. Army reporter in 2011, just after President Obama awarded him the Medal of Honor for his act of heroism. "And it's a little strange, but this is what was in my mind: 'Why isn't this thing spraying off into the wind like in Hollywood?'"

Back in character now, Petry clutches the fake nub on his left hand with the actual bionic prosthesis he now wears on his right. "Oh, no!" he cries. "Not again!"

Cut to Romesha. "Who has two thumbs

and thinks that's hilarious?" he says, laughing. "This guy!"

The blood is bright red and copious. It sprays into the wind like a fire hose.

A bare-bones indie production shot with a budget somewhere south of \$2 million, *Range 15* is at once a labor of love, an elaborate group therapy exercise, and, to a lesser extent, a marketing campaign for a pair of military-oriented apparel brands launched by veterans in recent years, Ranger Up and Article 15.

But most of all, it's a lark, a crazy escapade launched with a YouTube-inspired DIY grandiosity and fueled by passion, camaraderie, strategic naïveté, and a go-for-broke spirit common to guys who've put everything they had on the line and lived to tell the tale.

The mission is to make a film that is the direct antithesis of every Hollywood war movie ever made. Or as Palmisciano likes to put it: to make a movie "so hardcore military, it makes Hollywood wet itself and run crying to Mommy."

In other words, it's an uncompromisingly in-your-face showcase of the filmmakers' most perverse apocalyptic fantasies. And not surprisingly, given what they've lived through, these guys' apocalyptic fantasies make a Michael Bay production look like an exercise in sober restraint. One character will get his genitals bitten off by a zombie. Another will fall in love with, and eventually marry, a blowup doll. Luttrell will get torn limb-from-limb, and someone will shrug his shoulders and say, "Looks like we're the lone survivors now."

"After watching these guys try to save the world," Palmisciano says, "you'll never thank another veteran for their service ever again."

Hollywood's love affair with veterans began in earnest in the immediate aftermath of the Vietnam War. Until that point, pop culture representations of soldiers were typically thin, jingoistic, and largely confined to the battlefield. It wasn't until films like *The Deer Hunter* and *Apocalypse Now* came along in the late '70s that the primary focus shifted from the battlefield exploits of brave Americans to the psychological ramifications of those exploits. In a few short years, veterans went from being indestructible heroes to damaged goods, tarred by the horrors of combat. And that "veteran as victim" narrative has persisted through the conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Of course, these war films have generally reflected a Hollywood sensibility and the strong antiwar sentiment that went along with it. Screenwriter Deric Washburn didn't interview a single Vietnam veteran to write the script for *The Deer Hunter*. But it didn't matter: The film won five Oscars, including best picture, at the 1979 Academy Awards, while best-screenplay

**"WE CAN DO WHAT
HOLLYWOOD DOES,"
SAYS NICK PALMISCIANO
OF HIS APOCALYPTIC
ZOMBIE COMEDY.
"WE CAN DO ANYTHING.
WE'RE UNSTOPPABLE."**

honors went to *Coming Home*, another movie about battle-scarred Vietnam veterans, which starred antiwar activist Jane Fonda. That's not to say veterans haven't made their mark in Hollywood. Actor Audie Murphy was a Medal of Honor recipient, and director Oliver Stone earned a Purple Heart in Vietnam. But Palmisciano, Best, and Taylor aren't in the business of making blockbuster films or Oscar bait. "We want to make the movie the military has always wanted," says Palmisciano. "We want to make the movie the military deserves."

If the general moviegoing public wants to flock to *Range 15*, so much the better.

Back in 2006, with military-inspired looks (epaulets, cargo pants, khaki, and camo) marching down high-fashion runways, actual "military apparel," the kind military guys might wear, was pretty much whatever you could scrounge up at the local Army Navy surplus store. "It was all just Vietnam-era biker stuff," Palmisciano says. "I wanted to make something that was really for us, not a caricature of us." Fresh out of the army, he hired a team of veterans and got to work launching his own clothing line. Dubbing the company Ranger Up Military Apparel, he set out to create a brand that would be for war fighters what PacSun was for surfers or Fox Racing for motocross racers. Soon, shirts emblazoned with phrases like I AM A PRODUCT OF HARSH NECESSITY and YOU'LL HAVE A BLAST AT BAGHDAD SUMMER CAMP

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were ubiquitous on U.S. military installations around the world.

To increase visibility, Palmisciano started making YouTube videos. One of the first productions was a satirical workout video featuring himself and his team sporting tiny shorts and codpieces. To date, it's been viewed more than 400,000 times.

Meanwhile, in Texas, Jarred Taylor, an active-duty airman with Hollywood aspirations, was putting together his own A-team of enterprising veterans. Like Palmisciano, Taylor realized there was a demand for media that catered exclusively to a service demographic. He also saw the military as an enormous untapped pool of quality talent—guys who were good-looking and confident enough to be on camera but who also possessed more admirable qualities. "It's guys like the ones I served with in Iraq that your kids should be following on Twitter," he says. "Not Kim Kardashian. I wanted to make that happen."

To do so, Taylor would need someone with star potential. And he found just the guy on YouTube: a young ex-Army Ranger from Santa Barbara named Mat Best. Tall and broad-shouldered, with an array of expensive tattoos down his brawny arms, Best was the avatar of military cool, with a small but fiercely loyal following.

Between contractor gigs overseas, Best began making trips to El Paso, where Taylor was stationed with the Air Force. "He'd fly in for a few days and we'd shoot a bunch of stuff," says Taylor, "and then he'd go back to Afghanistan or Pakistan or wherever he was working at the time." To raise money for more high-end productions, Best and Taylor decided to start their own military apparel company, inspired by Ranger Up. The line, called Article 15, was an instant hit. As the money rolled in, Best's YouTube following exploded.

"The first one I saw was the one where Best is making fun of the SEALs," Luttrell recalls. "My teammates and I were laughing our tails off."

The idea for the feature, *Range 15*, originated with the Article 15 camp. "We knew we'd be way more successful if we partnered with Ranger Up," Best says of teaming with a competitor. "And that's the military ethos we sought to promote with this film: We're stronger together than as individuals."

"I read the rough draft for the script and thought that with a little work we'd really have a winner," Palmisciano says. "I just wanted to make sure it accurately reflected the military." Patterson helped polish the script written by scribe Billy Jay with help from the Article 15 guys, and signed on as director. They launched an Indiegogo campaign to raise a modest \$325,000 budget. By day 60, contributions topped \$1 mil-

THE MISSION IS "TO MAKE A MOVIE SO HARDCORE MILITARY, IT MAKES HOLLYWOOD WET ITSELF AND RUN CRYING TO MOMMY."

lion, making *Range 15* the fourth-largest crowd-sourced movie ever.

Palmisciano, Best, and Taylor signed on to play exaggerated versions of themselves, and other Ranger Up and Article 15 employees took roles as well. The cast was soon rounded out with just about every high-profile veteran the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have produced, and dozens more volunteered as everything from stunt doubles to bus drivers. Meanwhile, Kennedy, the UFC fighter sponsored by Ranger Up, rallied his fellow competitors to play zombies. And eventually, big-name celebs like William Shatner, Sean Astin, and Danny Trejo also signed on, generously agreeing to work for reduced rates.

Fortunately, there are a lot of people who want *Range 15* to succeed. On day seven, the film's biggest and most expensive prop, a 2½-ton M35 cargo truck (or "deuce and a half"), ran out of juice. Filming would have to be delayed for three days until a set of military-grade jumper cables arrived by FedEx. Instead, Palmisciano posted an SOS on Facebook. Within two hours, a group of marines arrived on set with a pair of cables they had smuggled off their base more than 100 miles away. "I'm not going to say their names because they could get in trouble," Palmisciano says. "But they saved our asses."

The nascent filmmakers are clearly in over their heads, but they seem to relish the pressure. They know the difficulty soldiers face when their primary mission is over—the struggle to fill that gap and find a real purpose, something formidable. "Look around you," says Palmisciano. "Everyone here is working their fucking asses off. One of the biggest dangers I see with veterans is that they work hard as fuck in the military and then they expect to just get handed a good job when they get out."

Best could easily have been one of those guys. During his four years as an Army Ranger, he completed five combat deployments to Iraq and Afghanistan, before taking jobs in various conflict zones as a contractor for the CIA. By the time he turned 28, he had spent nearly half his adult life on the battlefield. Nobody would've blamed him had he just retired to the beach and spent the rest of his days drinking Bud Light and telling war stories. But Best had other ideas.

"It's important to show the younger guys that our service doesn't have to end at the military," he says. "You can go on to do something bigger but also maintain where you came from."

Best now co-owns two companies in addition to Article 15, though he's better known as the YouTube guy. His videos are shared religiously among the guys I served with in Iraq and Afghanistan. Every time I open Facebook, there's another one: "Epic Rap Battle: Special Forces vs. MARSOC," "You Might Be a Veteran If...", "GUNS ARE BAD! Logic from a Hipster."



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Back on the set, Kennedy stands, half-naked and covered in blood, in the center of a boxing ring. He's wearing a pair of skin-colored briefs sprouting a bushel of artificial pubic hair and holding up a severed head before a cheering crowd. As the applause grows increasingly frenzied, he punts the head over the crowd like a football. Behind him, a guy throws up his arms and yells, "It's good!"

Palmisciano likes to say that *Range 15* is what you'd expect from combat veterans if you actually knew any combat veterans. "In Hollywood, it's either we're glorified heroes or totally broken with post-traumatic stress," he says. "That's a problem. If you constantly tell people they should act like emotionless, two-dimensional creatures, or that they are damaged, they're going to start believing it." With unemployment and suicide rates among veterans startlingly high, *Range 15* is an attempt at creating an entirely new post-military narrative, shedding the aura of tragedy in favor of a fired-up, gung-ho spirit steeped in black humor. The same stuff that helps a soldier survive, say, a year in the Korengal Valley can be channeled to achieve success and happiness in the civilian world, or so the thinking goes.

But really, the film is an excuse for a bunch of people whose lives have been consumed by their war experiences to cut loose. "Being a war hero is both an incredible honor and a curse," says Palmisciano. "You earn the Medal of Honor, and now people who haven't done what you've done feel like it's their right to impose standards on you. It's like Leroy and Clint are in this prison where they have to be Boy Scouts all the time."

"Think about Marcus Luttrell," he continues. "He's constantly asked to relive the worst day of his life and talk about what he learned from it. That sucks. But in *Range 15*, they're allowed to be funny and they're allowed to be themselves. We're making the jokes that no one else would make, because it's fucked up and it

violates all conventions of respectable behavior. But that's military humor. These guys aren't victims; they're tough fucking dudes. That's how they want to be treated."

After Kennedy's head-punting scene, everyone migrates to a nearby dirt field for yet another epic battle. While the opposing armies prepare for combat, I spot a woman with electric-purple hair and no arms. Two rubber daggers protrude from a pair of stumps that terminate inches above where her elbows used to be. Patterson yells "Action!" and the armies clash. The woman sprints into the fray, leaps onto a zombie's back, and drills the daggers into its flesh.

This is Mary Dague. Later, she tells me that eight years ago, she was working as an army bomb tech in Baghdad when both her arms were blown off by an IED. The shirt she's wearing is one of Ranger Up's more popular designs: It has a picture of a tyrannosaur with tiny arms dropping a grenade above the words T-REX HATES HAND GRENADES. She's one of about a dozen veterans who lost limbs in Iraq and Afghanistan who appear in the film.

"There's a scene in the movie where someone tosses me car keys and I can't catch them," Dague says. "Stuff like that actually happens to me quite frequently, and I find that making light of it helps. I certainly don't want people to pity me."

That night the principal cast convenes at the outdoor bar at the Chateau Marmont. The next day will be their first off in nearly three weeks. The mood is light and a little reckless. Shots are poured. War stories are told. Jack Mandaville, a Ranger Up employee who was a terrified 18-year-old marine during the 2003 invasion of Iraq, is celebrating with a 12-pack of Coors Light. (He plays a bumbling half-wit in the movie—a role that required him to carry a blowup doll for the duration of filming.) But

it's not until Palmisciano, who wrestled at West Point, starts grappling with one of the camera guys that I realize we're all completely drunk.

"Where's Mat?" someone asks. Everyone stops what they're doing to look around; Best has disappeared. "He probably went to sleep," figures Palmisciano. The horseplay resumes. An hour later, Best resurfaces. There's a bottle of whiskey in his hand. His eyes are glassy. Judging by the cheers that accompany his return, I suspect he's usually the life of the party. "I'm going to bed," he says. Everyone moans.

"Where have you been?" I ask him. Best lets out a long sigh and holds up the bottle. "I've just been walking, that's all," he says. "Sometimes when you're dealing with shit, you just gotta deal with it on your own." With that, he turns and leaves again.

Watching him go, I can't help thinking of this meme that often pops up on my Facebook feed. The image varies, but it's always a photo of soldiers in either Iraq or Afghanistan. They're covered in filth and exhausted-looking, and usually they're in the middle of a really intense fire-fight. It says, PTSD: The Moment You Realize You'll Never Be This Awesome Again. It's a joke, of course, but there is some truth to it. For many veterans, the real struggle doesn't begin until they're 10,000 miles from the battlefield and normal life resumes.

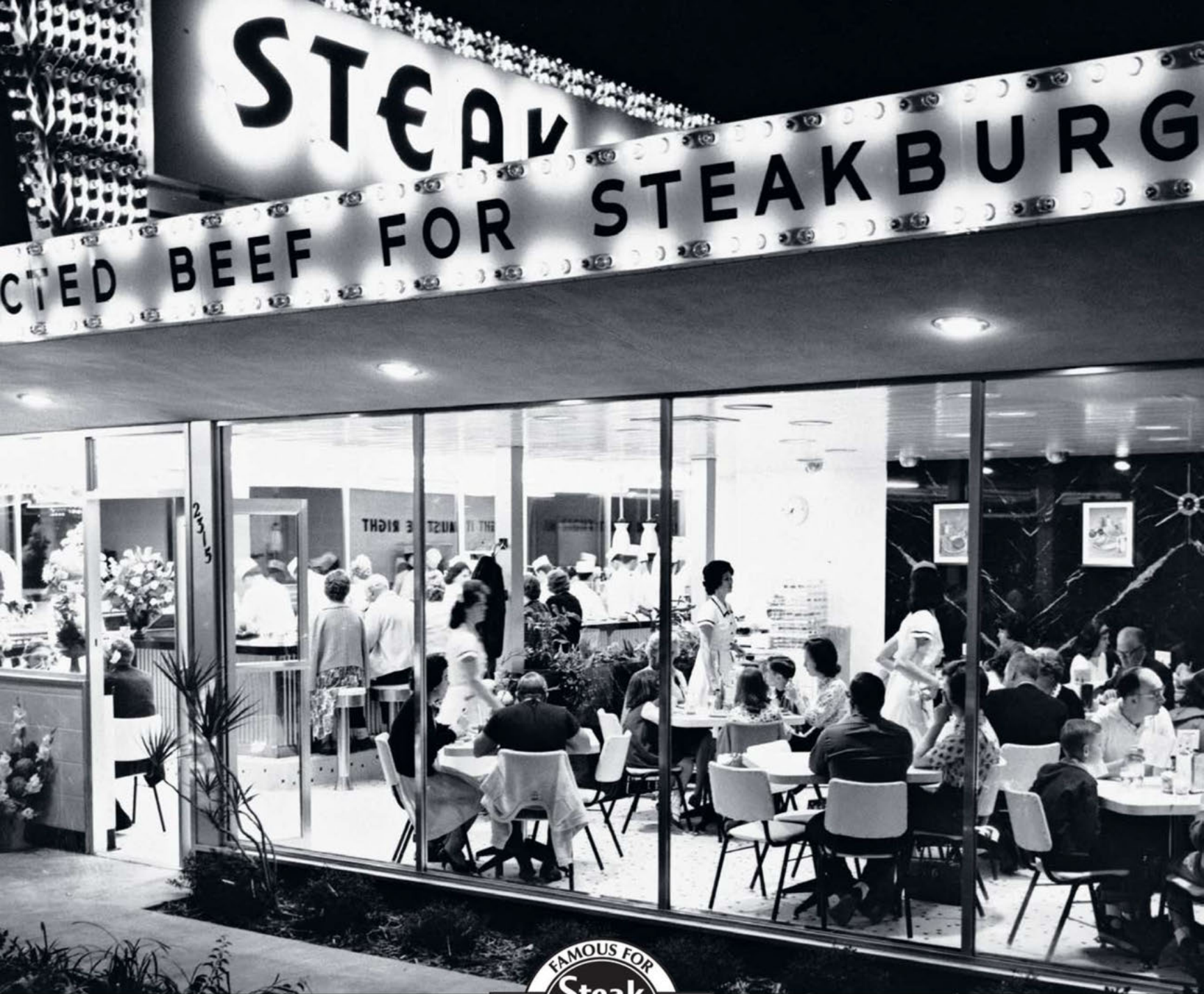
For Best, Palmisciano, Taylor, and the dozens of veterans who flew in from as far as Fort Richardson, Alaska, to make this movie, the last three weeks were an opportunity to be "awesome again," to experience the thrill, responsibility, and camaraderie of being a soldier once more. Now everyone is headed home, where the straightforward mission of shooting a film will give way to the myriad stressors of everything else.

But not for long. They're already planning a sequel.

Range 15 hits the festival circuit in May.



From left: Medal of Honor recipients Leroy Petry and Clinton Romesha, Mat Best, Jarred Taylor, and Vincent "Rocco" Vargas of Article 15.



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"Simplicity is what every great writer ever has done. And every great painter." That's the view of Bruce Meyers, who designed the Meyers Manx fiberglass dune buggy 52 years ago. Those writers and painters would probably appreciate that Meyers made the Manx's front fenders flat on top, so that a canned beverage wouldn't fall off.

The Manx has been around so long, was built in such numbers (largely by counterfeiters who stole the design), and has become so ubiquitous that it would be easy to take this landmark design for granted.

Professional car designers certainly don't, though. "I think Bruce Meyers is brilliant," says

General Motors design director Clay Dean. "You look at what he did and the culture he created with simple, fun vehicles like the Manx. That's a concept you wish could be revisited." Former Mazda designer Derek Jenkins, a fan, owns a thoroughly customized



Daryl Hannah, Charlie Sheen, and Michael Douglas in Wall Street.

Manx-style dune buggy (though it is not an authentic Meyers original).

Actor Steve McQueen had a custom Manx, built with a Corvair engine, for his character to drive on the beach in *The Thomas Crown Affair*. He kept the buggy afterward, and for a time Meyers sold a version of McQueen's faster buggy.

Driving around in a Manx, it is impossible not to smile. "Kids getting out of school are screaming at you like you're Batman," says Jenkins. "If you're driving around in a Ferrari, people just think you're an asshole."

Today, dune buggy fans can still buy a new Meyers Manx kit, and four-seat versions let them take more than one friend along for the ride. The new ones have other improvements and complications, like an opening front trunk for storage.

The original Manx had a simple, one-piece body with molded-in color that Meyers says is "really nothing more than a bikini." That bikini let buyers convert a dull Volkswagen "People's Car" into a thrilling off-road monster.

It's lightweight, with a simple, air-cooled engine so there's no radiator. The engine's weight is over the rear wheels for better traction in the dunes, and the buggy rides on big, soft balloon tires that let it creep over the sand rather than sinking into it.

Theoretically, it could work without a body, with just a seat bolted to the frame. Meyers' genius was in recognizing that a flowing fiberglass body would give the humble machine the exciting looks it needed to succeed.

"I wanted something sculptural and something artistic to look at," he recalls. The Historic Vehicle Association would say he succeeded: It inducted the Manx into the National Historic Vehicle Register in 2014.

Text by DAN CARNEY



Steve McQueen at the wheel of a Manx in The Thomas Crown Affair.

i Meyers Manx Dune Buggy

- The Meyers Manx dune buggy has been inducted into the National Historic Vehicle Register.
- Designer Bruce Meyers built the first Manx in 1964–65.
- The Manx uses Volkswagen Beetle underpinnings, so buyers only get a body and the other parts needed to convert a VW into a dune buggy.
- Although Meyers sold more than 7,000 Manxes, other manufacturers sold a quarter of a million counterfeits. Most of the buggies you see are fakes.
- You can still buy a new DIY Manx kit for \$5,700.
- The original "Old Red" Manx has a 50-horsepower Volkswagen engine.
- Meyers drew on his experience as a boatbuilder to make the fiberglass bodies.

FROM TOP: HISTORIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION;
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX/EVERETT COLLECTION;
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Four-pocket sport cotton and linen pants, LORO PIANA (\$525); loropiana.com. Shoes (left to right): Moccasins, SALVATORE FERRAGAMO (\$640); ferragamo.com. Basel penny loafers, HARRYS OF LONDON (\$495); brooksbrothers.com. Suede flex double monk shoe, ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA (\$750); zegna.com. Suede weekender duffel, RALPH LAUREN (\$1,250); ralphlauren.com. Hat, NICK FOUQUET (\$695); nickfouquet.com. Belts (from left to right): PAUL SMITH (*); paulsmith.co.uk. Braided leather belt, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI (\$625); brunellocucinelli.com. Shirts (from left to right): Men's sport ultra-lightweight polo, LACOSTE (\$98); lacoste.com. Rio Fronds Camp shirt, TOMMY BAHAMA (\$98); tommybahama.com. Linen short-sleeve button-down shirt, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI (\$445); brunellocucinelli.com. **GREAT WHITE P.24:** Blasers (from left to right): La Jolla linen blazer, TOMMY BAHAMA (\$325); tommybahama.com. Dandy suit jacket in Irish linen denim, LORO PIANA (*); lora piana.com. Unconstructed wool blazer, BONOBO (\$398); bonobos.com. Cream cotton jacket, Heddon fit, HARDY AMIES (\$381); hardyamies.com. Pocket squares (from left to right): Solid classic silk pocket square, TOM FORD (\$175); tomford.com. Polka dot print silk pocket square, TOM FORD (\$165); tomford.com. Tattersall umbrella, BROOKS BROTHERS (\$65); brooksbrothers.com. Shorts, MISSONI (\$530); missoni.com. Pants (from left to right): Cream cotton trousers, Heddon fit, HARDY AMIES (\$158); hardyamies.com. Summerland Keys Standard fit linen pants, TOMMY BAHAMA (\$118); tommybahama.com. Shoes (from left to right):

Alden x. J. Crew (\$541); alden.com. Cambridge slip on, TOM FORD (\$690); tomford.com. Driving shoes grained calf leather, CAR SHOE (\$349); carshoe.com. Shirts (clockwise from top left): Andre shirt in honeycomb cotton, LORO PIANA (\$645); loropiana.com. Poplin button-down shirt with grosgrain placket, THOM BROWNE (\$485); thombrowne.com. Evening shirt, BERLUTI (\$620); berluti.com. Pocket watch, PW1 Heritatie, BELL & ROSS (\$3,500); bellross.com. **P.26:** (Top left vignette): Hat, WORTH & WORTH (\$425); hatshop.com. Sweater, TOMMY HILFINGER (\$130); tommy.com. Shirt, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI (\$445); brunellocucinelli.com. Shirt, CANALI (\$310); canali.com. Tie, ISALIA (\$235); isalia.it. Sunglasses, GIORGIO ARMANI (\$302); armani.com. Wallet, TOD'S (*); tod's.com. Bracelets, WILLIAM HENRY (\$450 each); williamhenry.com. Watch, TUDOR "Pelagos" (\$4,300); tudorwatch.com. Shirt, MICHAEL BASTIAN (*); michaelbastiannyc.com. Blaser, ISALIA (\$3,225); isalia.it. Pocket square, ISALIA (\$95); isalia.it. (Top right vignette): Towel, SUPREME (*); supremenewyork.com. Camera, LEICA (\$6,380); us.leica-camera.com. "Pacifica" mask, AQUA LUNG (\$95); aqualung.com. Watch, OMEGA "Seamaster 300" (\$6,600); omegawatches.com. Snorkel, AQUA LUNG (\$51); aqualung.com. Sandals, BOTTEGA VENETA (\$580); bottegaveneta.com/us. Folding sunglasses, RAY-BAN (\$150); ray-ban.com/usa. Speargun, RIFFE (\$418); speargun.com. (Bottom left vignette): Shirt, LOUIS VUITTON (*); louisvuitton.com. Sunglasses, PERSOL (\$275); persol.com. Swim trunks, ORLEBAR BROWN (\$345); orlebarbrown.com. Watch, OMEGA Ploprof 1200 M (\$9,700); omegawatches.com. Sandals, BOTTEGA VENETA (\$580); bottegaveneta.com. (Bottom right vignette): Shoes, SCARPE DI BIANCO (\$995); scarpedibianco.com. Blaser, CANALI (\$1,640); canali.com. Shirt, CARUSO (\$690); carusomenswear.com. Sunglasses, BOTTEGA VENETA (*); bottegaveneta.com/us. Scarf, BOTTEGA VENETA (\$290); bottegaveneta.com/us. Hat, WORTH & WORTH (\$185); hatshop.com. Belt, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI (\$575); brunellocucinelli.com. **WILD IN THE STREETS P.38:** Overcoat, TOPMAN (\$225); TopMan Fifth Ave., NYC, and topman.com. Suit: Ludlow Traveler suit jacket (\$450) and suit pant (\$250), J.CREW; jcrew.com. Shirt, COS (\$99); cosstores.com. Shoes, ADIDAS SUPERSTAR VULC (\$80); adidas.com. Hat, Mark's own. **CARIBBEAN QUEEN P.52:** Distressed metallic top, vintage. Charm necklaces, stylist's own. Gold circle necklace, GINETTE NY (\$350); ginette-ny.com. **P.55:** Pleated skirt, AZZEDINE ALAÏA (*); alaia.fr. **P.56:** Thong, CALVIN KLEIN (\$12); calvinklein.com. Gold body chain, JACQUE AICHE (\$1,915); jacquieaiche.com. Leather Tassel Belt, AZZEDINE ALAÏA (*); alaia.fr. Ring, model's own (worn throughout). **P.57:** Crop top, AZZEDINE ALAÏA (*); alaia.fr. Bikini brief, VICTORIA'S SECRET (\$26); victoriasscret.com. Gold body chain, JACQUE AICHE (\$1,915); jacquieaiche.com. **P.58:** Distressed T-shirt, vintage. **P.59:** Ruffle top, MES DEMOISELLES (\$180); mesdemoisellesparis.com. Gold circle necklace (\$350), GINETTE NY; ginette-ny.com. **P.62:** Distressed metallic top, vintage. Charm necklaces, stylist's own. Gold circle necklace, GINETTE NY (\$350); ginette-ny.com. **P.63:** Cropped shirt, stylist's own. Sunglasses, RAY-BAN (\$200); ray-ban.com. Do Brasil necklace (\$536), Françoise long necklace (\$704), Body necklace (\$260), and bracelets (\$227 and \$260); aurelieliebermann.com. **LUXURY TO THE MAX P.65:** Suit (\$5,295) and shirt (\$1,295), DOLCE & GABBANA; dolcegabbana.it. Box tie, THE TIE BAR (\$19); thetiebar.com. Shoes, VERSACE (*); versace.com. Socks, FALKE (\$30); harrys-shoes.com. Watch, PANERAI, Luminor 1950 (\$8,700); panerai.com. **P.67:** Jacket (*) and pants (\$460), JEFFREY RUDES; jeffreyrudes.com. Shirt (\$335) and tie (\$190), BURBERRY; burberry.com. Shoes, THOM BROWNE (\$1,100); Barneys New York stores. Socks, FALKE (\$30); harrys-shoes.com. Two Tone Mason Ring and Onyx Tie Bar, vintage; Fabulous Fanny's NYC (*). **P.68:** Jacket (\$2,500), pants (\$1,250), shirt (\$730), tie (\$190) and bracelet (*), DIOR HOMME; diorhomme.com. Socks, FALKE (\$30); harrys-shoes.com. Masons Ring, vintage; Fabulous Fanny's NYC (*). **P.71:** Tuxedo (\$1,495) and shirt (\$165), RALPH LAUREN; ralphlauren.com. Box tie (\$19), and pocket square (\$10), THE TIE BAR; thetiebar.com. Two-tone Mason ring and Onyx cuff links, vintage; Fabulous Fanny's NYC (*). Gold pocket watch, vintage, NEW YORK VINTAGE, INC. (*); New York City. **P.72:** Suit (\$499), shirt (\$129), tie (\$79), and pocket square (\$49), SUITSUPPLY; suitsupply.com. Pocket watch and cane, vintage, NEW YORK VINTAGE, INC. (*); New York City. **P.73:** Jacket (\$1,470) and pants (\$746); barneys.com. Shirt, SUITSUPPLY (\$129); suitsupply.com. Tie, THE TIE BAR (\$19); thetiebar.com. Watch, ROLEX Explorer II (\$8,100); rolex.com. **P.70:** Coat (\$3,495), jacket (\$3,325), shirt (\$625), tie (\$215), jeans (\$775), belt (\$575), and shoes (\$1,145), BRUNELLO CUCINELLI; brunellocucinelli.com. Socks, FALKE (\$30); harrys-shoes.com. Watch, PANERAI, Luminor 1950 (\$8,700); panerai.com. **CABIN FEVER P.76:** Top, NEW YORK VINTAGE, INC. (*); New York City. Jeans, DSQUARED2 (\$645); dsquared.com. Watch, PANERAI, Luminor 1950 (\$8,700); panerai.com. **P.77:** Bra, VICTORIA'S SECRET (\$45); victoriasscret.com. Jeans (\$630) and boots (\$870), DSQUARED2; dsquared.com. Sunglasses, RAY-BAN (\$200); rayban.com. Watch, ROLEX (\$8,100); rolex.com. **P.78:** Jacket, CHROME HEARTS (\$7,150); chromehearts.com. Swimsuit, OH CHERI! (\$16); ocheri.com. Shorts, DSQUARED2 (\$460); dsquared.com. Boots, CHROME HEARTS FRYE (special order) (*); chromehearts.com. **P.79:** Jacket, GUESS (\$128); guess.com. **P.80:** Jacket (\$128) and shorts (\$59), GUESS; guess.com. Bra, VICTORIA'S SECRET (\$45); victoriasscret.com. **P.81:** Overall, DENIM & SUPPLY RALPH LAUREN (\$265); ralphlauren.com. Boots, CHROME HEARTS FRYE (special order) (*) and bracelets, CHROME HEARTS (\$345); chrome hearts.com. **P.83:** Bra top, NEW YORK VINTAGE, INC. Jeans, DSQUARED2 (\$595); dsquared.com. Bracelets, CHROME HEARTS (\$1,355); chromehearts.com. **BRILLIANT DISGUISE P.84:** Anorak, turtleneck sweater, and track pants, MICHAEL KORS (*); michaelkors.com. **P.85:** Hoodie, THEORY (*); theory.com.

*Price upon request.



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